MARVEL

DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

VISION QUEST

DAVID MACK

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

VISION QUEST

© 2015 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.WWW.MARVEL.COM

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

VISION QUEST

STORY & ART
David Mack

LETTERER
Virtual Calligraphy's Cory Petit

EDITOR
Joe Quesada

ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR
Kelly Lamy

MANAGING EDITOR
Nanci Dakesian

COLLECTION EDITOR: Jennifer Grünwald
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: James Emmett & Joe Hochstein
ASSISTANT EDITORS: Alex Starbuck & Nelson Ribeiro
EDITOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS: Mark D. Beazley
SENIOR EDITOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS: Jeff Youngquist
SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF SALES: David Gabriel
BOOK DESIGNER: Spring Hoteling

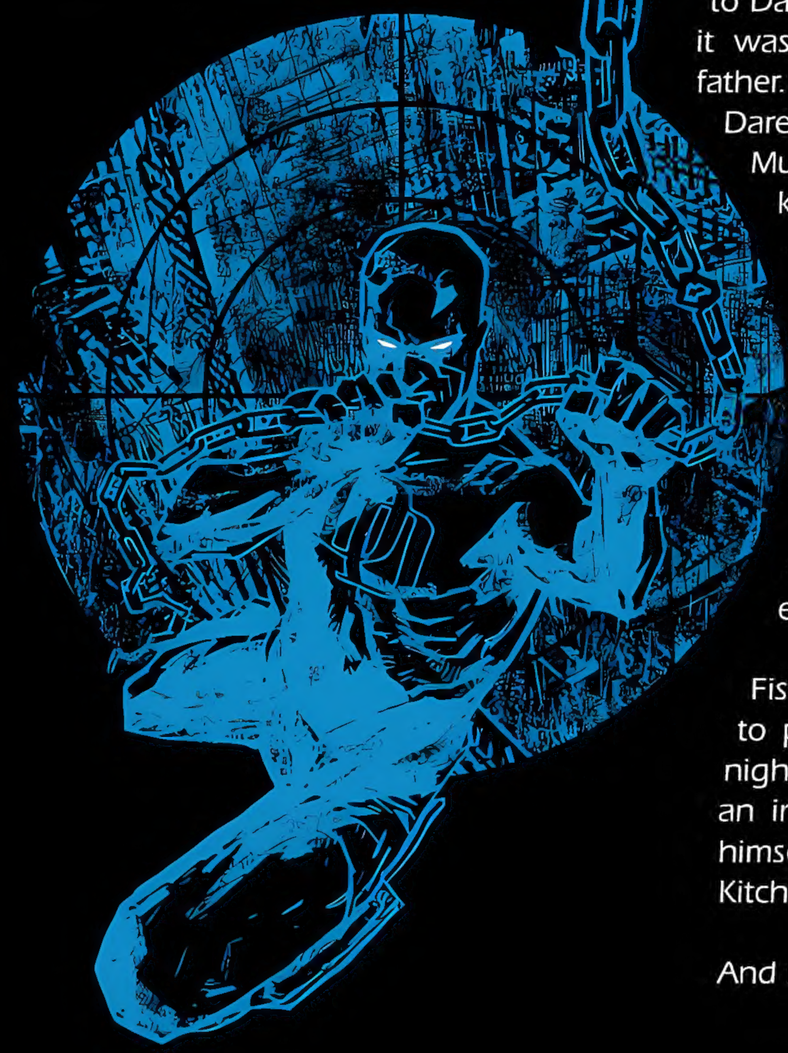
DIGITAL MANAGER/PRODUCTION: Tim Smith 3
DIGITAL PRODUCTION: Maggie Siegel-Berele

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Joe Quesada PUBLISHER: Dan Buckley
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Alan Fine

Previously in Daredevil...

Maya Lopez is deaf but she has the unique talent of being able to replicate any action she sees.

When Maya was a child, her father was in business with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime. Unbeknownst to Maya, Fisk killed her father and on her father's wishes became Maya's legal guardian.



Years later, Fisk used Maya to get to Daredevil by telling Maya that it was Daredevil that killed her father. While she was pursuing Daredevil, she and Matt Murdock started dating, not knowing that Matt Murdock and Daredevil are the same person.

Once Maya learned the truth, she sought vengeance, shooting Fisk and leaving him to die. She then left New York and Matt Murdock in an effort to rediscover herself.

Fisk didn't die and continued to plague Daredevil until one night, Daredevil beat Fisk within an inch of his life and named himself the new Kingpin of Hell's Kitchen.

And now, Maya's back.

MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL PSR 51 431

DAVID MACK

DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

MACK

© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

WWW.MARVEL.COM

MY NAME IS MAYA LOPEZ.

I'm NOT SURE IF I'm STILL THAT PERSON.

THE NEWSPAPERS CALLED ME ECHO.

THAT'S WHAT I FEEL LIKE.

AN ECHO.

THIS IS MY STORY.

IT DOESN'T HAPPEN IN WORDS.
IT HAPPENS IN MOVEMENTS AND MEMORIES.
SHAPES AND FEELINGS.

I M D E A F

So if something does HAPPEN IN WORDS,

it doesn't HAPPEN IN THE Sound of words,

BUT IN the Color of them.

THE Mood AND texture

AND MYSTERY of their CROSSWORD PUZZLE MEANINGS.

The kind that you feel instead of hear.

Sometimes slow and awkward.

MY Story HAPPENS IN MUSIC.

Like little fingers ON worn out keys

Searching for Meaning.

© 2011 Marvel C
related indicia ar
magazine with th

Me

Matt

My story doesn't happen in the sound of the notes but in the silence between them.

It is the silence between the notes that is important.

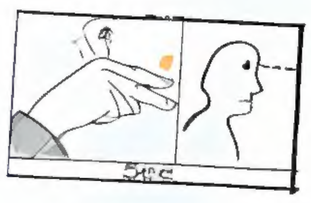
THAT IS where

THE MAGIC HAPPENS.

All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all
Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and or institutions in this
or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

ECHO PART ONE

DAVID MACK	story and art
VC's CORY PETIT	letters
JOE QUESADA	editor
KELLY LAMY	assoc. managing editor
NANCI DAKESIAN	managing editor
JOE QUESADA	editor in chief
BILL JEMAS	president



That Silence is where you will find me.

Living between the notes, the silence is an alternate dimension that exists encrypted within the audible world.

A B C D E J K L M N O P Q R S T U

Me

It has always been this way.

As a kid, drawing was one of my earliest forms of communication.

Me drawing

Growing up, the silence presents the moving world as a stage of miming characters.

Dad

HA HA HA

Mom

Mr. Fisk

The Chief

This happens later.

UH-OH!

My life is a foreign film with no subtitles.

You are forced to learn the language.

When you've never heard your father's voice...

you learn to decipher every shade of expression...

that moves over his face.

Do expressions make noise?

His lips mouth to you the silent Secrets of the Universe. And you wonder, if you could hear, if the world of SOUND was open to You...

What kind of glorious Music Would His Smile make?

Body language, too, begins to whisper its meaning...

in subtleties no hearing person could ever comprehend.

And you begin to pick up on this grammar.

You become sensitive to it.

And you learn to speak it through your own movements.

First by mimicry of lips, facial and bodily expressions.

Then you apply this sensibility to everything.

Your eye and mind become keen to the intricate voices and textures of the visual and tactile World moving around You.

The poetry of it speaks to you.

It calls to you.

And sometimes...

Sometimes you answer back.

Dad's Gun

It's a Secret.

He Takes it to work

I draw things everywhere.

My Dad works with him!

Not just on paper.

Even on the wall at School for Show and tell.

MAYA

DON'T

the teacher says...

It was a long time before anyone realized that I was deaf.

!!!

Very early on in my life, I was diagnosed and labeled by a certain word I had come to recognize on people's lips.

Label

READ

But my father never told me to stop. He would laugh and laugh at the things I would do.

He didn't care if I never spoke with words.

He didn't care if I was retarded.

I was sent to a special school where I quickly learned to read the lip movements for:

MAYA ANGELOU

Later on, when I realize there is this thing called sound, I will ask my father all kinds of questions, like:

What does Laughter Sound like?

What sound does grass make?

When I hear that rain makes a sound, I will ask:

What Sound do the clouds make?

Does the Sunshine make a noise?

What does the Rainbow Sound like?

When I ask him these things it makes him laugh and cry at the same time.

And then I ask what that sounds like.

From time to time, when my father would get into trouble, he'd go to what he'd call "The Reservation."

"The Rez."

It wasn't a conventional reservation for a particular tribe, but what seemed like an interzone of all tribes.

A place where various nations of indigenous Americans seemed to pass through, some staying for a while...

some moving on, some returning when they need a place to stay.

Sometimes he'd take me with him.

All I have for sure are my own crude childhood memories of the place.

An amber recall faded and brittle with time.

A swirl of sun-lined faces sculpted in the firelight.

Stories of legends on their lips.

There was a man, one of the eldest there, whom my father seemed to respect and speak to more than the others. "The Chief."

I think they called him that because he used to be either a firefighter or an editor. Now retired.

He was regarded as a sort of spiritual leader of the bunch. Some called him a shaman.

People would come to him for advice or guidance.

It seemed to me that he was primarily a storyteller.

He and my father would tell animal stories to each other.

He even taught me something called Indian Sign Language.

He spoke to me as if he knew I didn't hear him with my ears. He spoke to my eyes. And my mind.

My heart. He spoke to me like firelight speaks to me.

He spoke in pictures.

is that what being a shaman is? A storyteller?

INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE

Many of the Indians, in a variety of tribes, have stated that in former times the sign language was the one common and universal means of communication between all the tribes of American Indians who spoke different vocal languages. As he expressed it, "All the old people in all the tribes used it."

...ittle Raven, the former head chief of the Southern Arapahoes, said in regard to ...se of gestures: "I have met Comanches, Kiowas, Apaches, Caddos, Gros Ventres, ...s, Crows, Pawnees, Osages, Arickarees, Nez Perces, Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Foxes, Pottawattomies, and other tribes whose vocal languages, like ... of the tribes named, we did not understand, but we communicated freely in sign language."

One very wide difference between the Indian Sign Language and the signs used by deaf and dumb, is shown in the word THINK. The originators of the Indian signs thought that thinking or understanding was done with the heart, and made the sign 'drawn from the heart". Deaf mutes place extended fingers of the right hand against the forehead, to give the same meaning.

I am a Storyteller because I can say things in ways that others will understand the true meaning. You are like that. You see things in ways others do not. You are also a Storyteller. You have many talents.

How do you know to be this?

this kind of Storyteller.

I went on a vision quest.

What's a vision quest?

*If we really want to know ourselves, we must at some point in our lives connect with a higher wisdom that knows all about us. Our weaknesses, our mistakes, our potentials.

Many Native American tribes do this through our meditation known as a vision quest.

The setting aside of a time and place, alone in nature, to connect with the higher power and explore that which is within. Somewhere in that space of time as we are questing, answers come. We begin to know more about ourselves and our choices in life.

It's an opportunity to

What sound do clouds make?

That is the last time we visit the Rez together.

I Remember that the tribes and the characters in the legends make me think of super HeroeS..

The chief tells stories of power and responsibility.

When I was learning to read and speak, I learned a lot from comic books. Mythic Scale Quests that tell truth Through Metaphor. The Wizard of Smoke and Mirrors

On the way home, I'm retelling the chief's stories to my father. Now I begin to understand the ideas behind the story telling.

I tell my father that I will be a story teller too.

He laughs and says that I already am.

But I say that I must learn my own language to tell my stories. More than signs. More than sounds. More than words.

But I Say that I must learn my own language to tell my StorieS. More than Signs. More than Sounds. More than WordS.

Pass on my stories through my own medium like the comic book artist. So that you can understand, even if you don't hear like me.

Even if you don't know what sound clouds make, you could feel my stories.

I will be my own kind of story shaman. I will be my own fire chief.

I will learn to speak in pictures.

My father laughs and laughs his big house-shaking laugh. It is the kind of laugh that I feel in my bones... even when he has finished. Is that what an echo is?

Before I go to sleep, he tells me a story and laughs some more.

That is the last time I ever feel his laughter.

That's not true. I still feel it now.

This story is his story. My history.

He is the vibration on the piano keys. I am just the silence between them.

I'm nine years old when my father dies.

I Remember Being in the ambulance.

He puts His Hand on my face.

Then it falls lifeless, and

He leaves me with only His echo.

Does Sadness make a noise?

If it does, and if I wasn't deaf, I'd hear it very loudly right now.

Remember when I said this would happen later?

Bad

Well this happened too.

Heart

In the worst way that you can't imagine.

And this.

And this.

And this.

And also this

BANG!

I don't hear this. I only feel it. All thru my body like my Father's CrAzy laughter.

Darth

I did it

But I'm not going to talk about that.

These are Parts of a Hole in my Heart that i need to fill

Pressure Washer To Grow

Heart

First I will bury the Worst Parts of my memory, the dead parts of my Heart, in the HOLE. Then I will cover it up and plant Something inside it. Something that will grow.

But I'm not sure if the dead parts will stay buried.

I'm done with them. But I don't think they are done with me.

There are only a couple things that you need to know.

The first is: I met this really great guy. Someone that I could relate to.

The other thing is: Someone I trusted tried to manipulate me.

And they did it by using the emotions that I have for my father. And I think they also betrayed my father as well.

And I did something about that.

I Hold on to the memory of my childhood.

Innocent me then

Sometimes I frame my memories as paintings I've seen.

You'll understand this better soon.

In the meantime, I travel the world and try to learn stuff.

Mostly, I think I'm hoping to learn about myself.

I have issues. I'm trying to sort things out.

I fall back into one of my earliest loves as a child: Art.

In every country I pass through, I visit the museums.

I look into the paintings.

And I see myself.

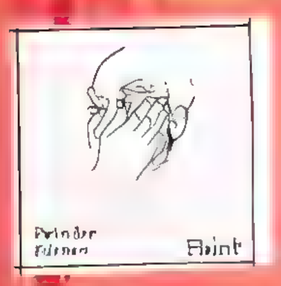
Color must be what sound is like if you can hear.

And some painters know how to put the colors together in just the right way...

so that I imagine it is like music.

I study this. The composition of color, like the composition of a piece of music.

I paint.



I begin absorbing the styles and rhythms of painters from all around the world.

It's like I'm a kid and trying to learn spoken language for the first time.

I do self portraits.

Because I'm trying to find myself in the colors.

I'm trying to break myself apart into my base atoms and rebuild myself again on the canvas.

This time into something that I have control of. Something beautiful.

Less messy than the real thing.

But, no matter how I break it down and try to rematerialize it...

I can't seem to completely filter all the confusion, anger and guilt out of my system.

I go from angry...

to sad.

To angry again.

I decide to confront the source.

The newspapers called him Daredevil. I knew him as Matt Murdock.

I'm not sure if he's still that person.

But I'm going to find out.

I'm coming for you, Matt.

I need to talk.

I need to work this out.

To be continued

MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL PSR 52 432

DAVID MACK

DAREDEVIL®

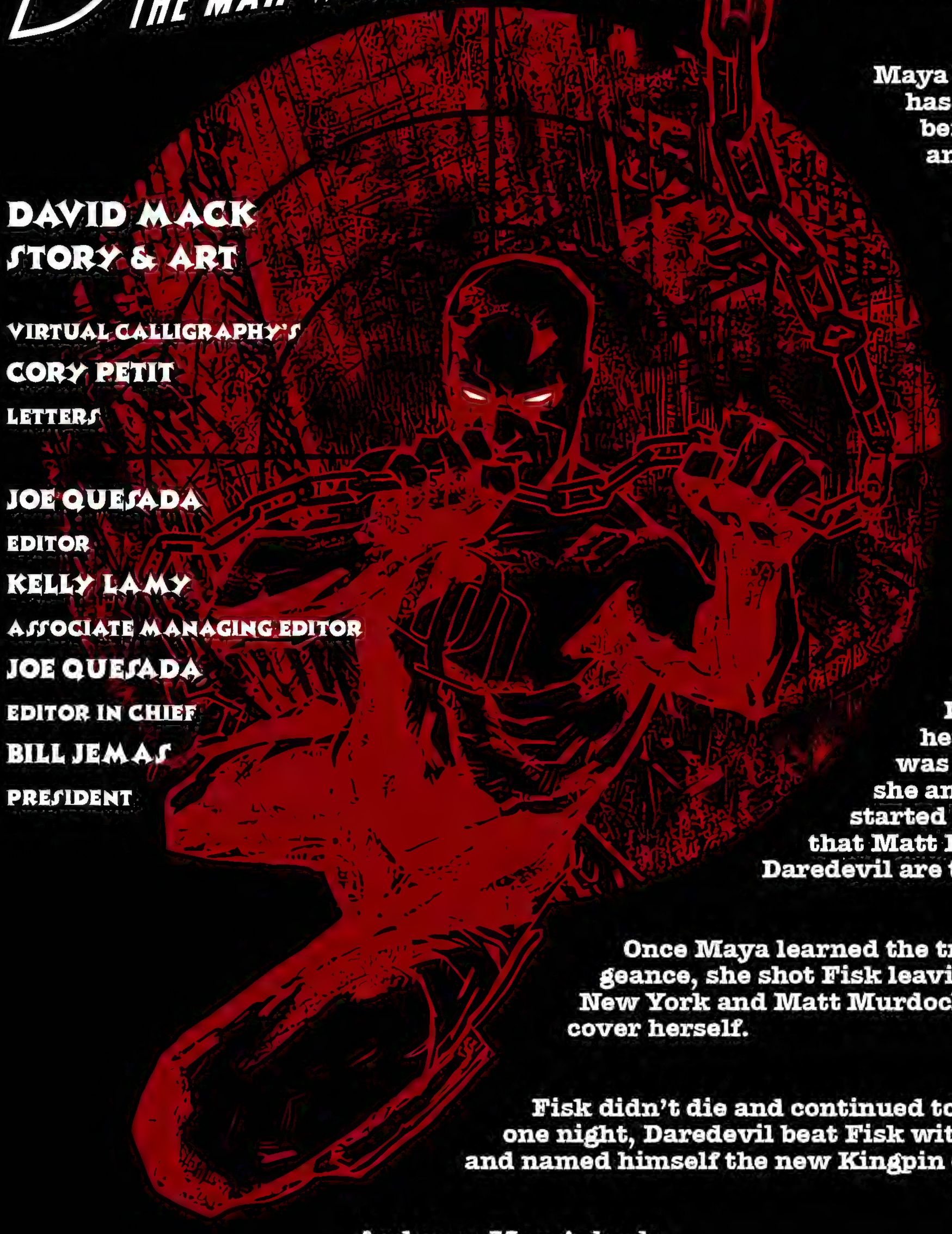
THE MAN WIT

© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

WWW.MARVEL.COM

ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



DAVID MACK
STORY & ART

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S
CORY PETIT
LETTERS

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR

KELLY LAMY
ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

Previously in Daredevil...

Maya Lopez is deaf but she has the unique talent of being able to replicate any action she sees.

When Maya was a child, her father was in business with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime. Unbeknownst to Maya, Fisk killed her father and on her father's wishes became Maya's legal guardian.

Years later, Fisk used Maya to get to Daredevil by telling Maya that it was Daredevil that killed her father. While she was pursuing Daredevil, she and Matt Murdock started dating, not knowing that Matt Murdock and Daredevil are the same person.

Once Maya learned the truth, seeking vengeance, she shot Fisk leaving him to die, and left New York and Matt Murdock in an effort to rediscover herself.

Fisk didn't die and continued to plague Daredevil until one night, Daredevil beat Fisk within an inch of his life and named himself the new Kingpin of Hell's Kitchen.

And now, Maya's back.

Echo: Part 2

© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

I'm sorry, Maya. Things are different now.

I can't read your lips when you are not facing me.

I'm glad that you are all right. But I think it is best if you stay out of town. Things have gotten complicated.

I said things have gotten complicated.

I know it's complicated. But that's the past. That was Fisk's fault.

Now that he is out of the picture, don't you think that we should give this another shot?

It feels like the only chance I have left.

It feels like the only thing that makes sense.

Maya...

I'm involved with someone.

I didn't catch that.

Yes you did.

Yes I did.

Maya, you left, and a lot of things have happened. My whole world has fallen down around me.

I've had to rebuild it.

Who is it?

No one you know. That's not what I'm talking about.

Is it that redhead Russian girl I saw you with?

Don't do this.

It's that blind girl I saw walking out of your apartment.

Maya...

You go from deaf girl to blind girl? What is your deal?

Do you even realize what a nutcase you are?

Fisk.

Forget about him.

He's no longer an issue.

He really did get the last laugh on this one, didn't he?

He always did.

Stay away from him, Maya. Don't do any--

Maya?

Let's start at the beginning.

I'm not sure if something went wrong somewhere in this process. But early on my mother can tell that I'm different.

After my initial crying, I don't make much noise.

And I don't react to noise.

I remember the beating of my father's heart as he holds me to him.

mother

I can't completely remember my mother anymore.

mother

Sometimes I try to picture her.

mother

Sometimes I try to draw her.

mother

But she looks different every time.

I remember her smell. Her lips. And a couple of the words she used to mouth fiercely to my father.

I couldn't hear the words, but I quickly learned to decipher spoken language through the repeated shape of words on lips.

Lips are like windows.

I CAN TAKE THIS OUT THE DOOR

She left very early on.

vision Quest part two

FAMILY portrait

DAD

MOM

Goodbye

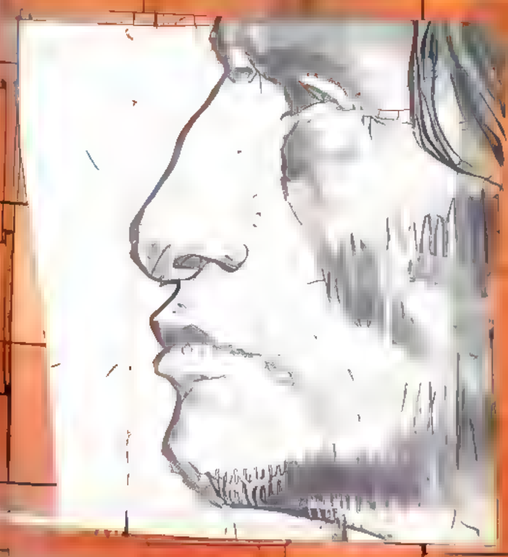
me

And there are no photos.

MOTHER

Her leaving didn't seem to bother my father. Nothing seemed to faze him. Not even when I never spoke and the doctor called me a *"nonverbal."*

FATHER



Or when they said I was *"retarded"* and sent me to a special school.

DEPISILO

AFAAGOWN

HBTRDIMO

AYAEIGNU

E C UT

J RQL

SAH UE

EL OA OI

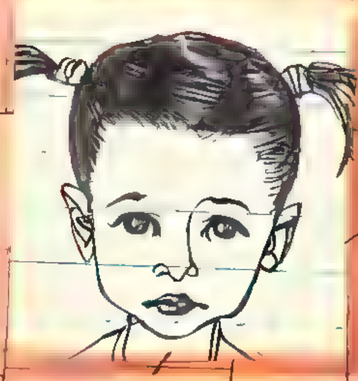
SXAF T

ARUVMNIW

OLKVDTY

Or when, years later, they decide that I'm not retarded. That is when I start to recognize the new word, *"Deaf."*

I'm told that there is an invisible world that exists all around me.



DEAF

It is called the *"Audible World."*

I find out my World is made of Blank Scrabble tiles.

I PIECE THE WORLD TOGETHER AS THE PIECES ARE GIVEN TO ME

LEARN TO SIGN

LEARN TO SPEAK

And I try to figure out what pieces I'm still missing now that I know I can't hear all these sounds everyone is talking about.

I sign and speak with my newfound voice. I'm asking questions all the time, thirsty for clues about this elusive dimension of sound. Like why is it that I'm told rain makes noise, but snowflakes are supposedly quiet?

Does lightning make a sound?

Well, we call it thunder and it comes after the lightning.

I've felt that before. It shakes.

Sometimes it makes the dogs howl.

Howl? Dogs make sound? Do animals talk?

Well, most of them make sounds, but they...

Do plants talk too? And bugs? What sound does sunshine make?

My father's face is rough with lines and scars. All of him is this way. The geography worn into his features is a topographical map of his experience.

Each line tells a tale. He is my Rosetta stone to interpret the language of life.

Every night when I go to sleep my father tells me a story. Usually these are Indian stories that he was told when he was a kid.

Mostly they have animals in them and are supposed to teach me something.

CROW

BEAR

WOLF

CROW

He makes shadow puppets to help me understand.

At first I look at his hands, but soon the shadows take on a life of their own, and become the animal spirits in the story.

He says the Indian stories will teach me about the nature of man, God, life, love, and the principles of the universe.

OWL

Mostly they teach me how to read lips.

FLY

DEAF

Does God use sign language?

Yes. God uses sign language. I am his sign language to you, and you are his sign language to me.

Once he couldn't remember any more animal stories, and he told me part of his history.

He said much of the story was told to him by his father. I sat transfixed, studying his lips. I picked up most of it.

In your language my given name means Dancing Horse. On paper, my name is William Lincoln. Lincoln, like the man on the money. But most of my friends call me Crazy Horse.

Crazy Horse is the name of a Lakota Chief. But my ancestors are from many different tribes.

That is because they met when they were rounded up together on what is called the Trail of Tears.

In 1832, Jackson, the guy on the twenty dollar money, signed an autograph to remove the native tribes.

It was then that my grandfather's tribe and many other tribes, the Chickasaws, Choctaws, Cherokee, Muskogee... they were called the Creek Indians, but that is only because they lived by the creek and people called them that.

They are really the Muskogee Nation. So them and many more nations... they were all rounded up and made to walk all the way to what the government called "*Indian Territory.*" Later they called this territory Oklahoma. That's a Choctaw word that means "red man's land."

There was no choice in the moving. All the tribes were forced to leave their homeland. Those people walked the entire distance, from sunup to sundown, herded along by soldiers on horseback.

Not everyone was strong enough to make the trip. In fact most of our people died on the way. And the rest were not allowed to give them a proper burial.

That is why it is called the Trail of Tears.

The children were taken from their parents and forced to go to boarding schools. They were not allowed to speak their native tongues. They were not allowed to tell their own stories. So my grandfather had to remember all of the stories.

My grandfather lost all of his family from his own tribe. But he married someone from another tribe that he met in the new territory and they had my mother. He told all of his stories to my mother.

But soon my mother lost all of her family. So she married someone from another tribe and they had me. And they told all of their stories to me.

And then I came all the way here to the city and I met someone not in any of those tribes.

And now I have you. And I tell all of my stories to you.

All of that traveling and joining parents and grandparents has made you.

You are the future of all of their stories.

It's good that you don't hear in words or think only in words.

This way you don't hear only lies. You see by actions what the truth is. And you tell your own truth by actions.

I'm nine years old when my father dies.
Goodbye DaDdy
me
Goodbye
GONE
FAMILY
He leaves His HAND prints ON MY FACE.
His ANIMAL SHADOWS IN MY HeAd.
His Empty outline ON THE FLOOR
AN Echo. Empty. Like me.
JUST me left Now.
My father's business partner becomes my legal guardian.
He is a man called Fisk.
He said that my father asked him to take care of me if anything ever happened to him.
He is a really big man.
F I S K
its Like I Still Feel THE TOUCH of my Father's HAND ON MY FACE.
Bye Daddy
Red crayon

After this, I don't talk anymore. Fisk sends me to an expensive school for children with handicaps and learning disabilities.

One day a man played the piano for us. I was fascinated by the complex dance of his fingers on the keys. It was a language. Like signing or reading lips.

Like the sign language of God.

I walked right up to the piano and put my hand on it. I could feel the vibration that matched the rhythm of his hands. I was used to discerning communication with my eyes. I had never felt anything so direct. It penetrated the barrier of isolation. It comforted me, in a way that only my father's heartbeat did.

I memorized this language just like the others.

When the piano stops, it makes me sad. But the echo of it still runs warm inside me.

I climb onto the bench and duplicate his entire hand-play exactly.

After that, I am put in another expensive school... for prodigies.

After a lifetime of reading movement as language, they say I can recreate any complex physical action that my eyes record. Even after only observing it one time. That is why my speech is not slurred.

I can perceive even the most minute muscle intonations. All physical movement is language. They say I am some kind of savant.

I learn to play the piano. Not by sound, but by feeling. By vibration.

I had spent my entire life learning to glean meaning and expression from the tiniest visible detail, to feel meaning through the tiniest vibration or heartbeat. Now to make my own vibrations feels like poetry.

Freedom.

Fullness.

Satisfaction.

I get a lot of different teachers. They are the best in their fields. And they help me to cultivate my talents. They help me to parlay my skills of observation and mimicry into a mastery of everything that I undertake.

It's like I'm writing my own story of myself. Building my own character, metaphorically and physically.

It's like making the animal shapes with your hands. And then the shadow of your hand becomes the real character in the story.

That's how I am with my teachers. I'm an echo of them. And then the echo becomes the real thing.

I start with other musical instruments. And then Ballet. Then Sports. And Martial Arts.

I'm a natural at boxing. And it is something Fisk encourages me to focus on.

There is a rhythm to it like a musical score.

With the execution of each note, the vibration shoots up my arm and throughout my body like I'm playing the piano on a larger scale.

Within ten years, I go from Special Olympics to Olympic Gold.

I get to a point where I can see an action performed once, even on tape or TV, and I can recreate it perfectly, absorb it, and add it to my vocabulary for future use.

I can recreate any movement or skill, but only with the force that my own frame will allow. So I continue to train in order to get my natural strength, speed and dexterity to its peak condition.

In retrospect, it occurs to me now that he was trying to turn me into something useful to him.

It gave me satisfaction to speak to the world, to touch it in ways I had previously been unable to. Fisk was always there to give me a sense of my accomplishments. I knew he supported me as a debt of honor to my father, but I grew to love him as my last sense of family.

And I thought he loved me too.

I was just a poker chip.

And when the time was right, he cashed me in.

Rykers Island Maximum Security Penitentiary

Fisk, you have a visitor.

You.

To be continued

MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL PSR 53 433

DAVID MACK

DAREDEVIL®

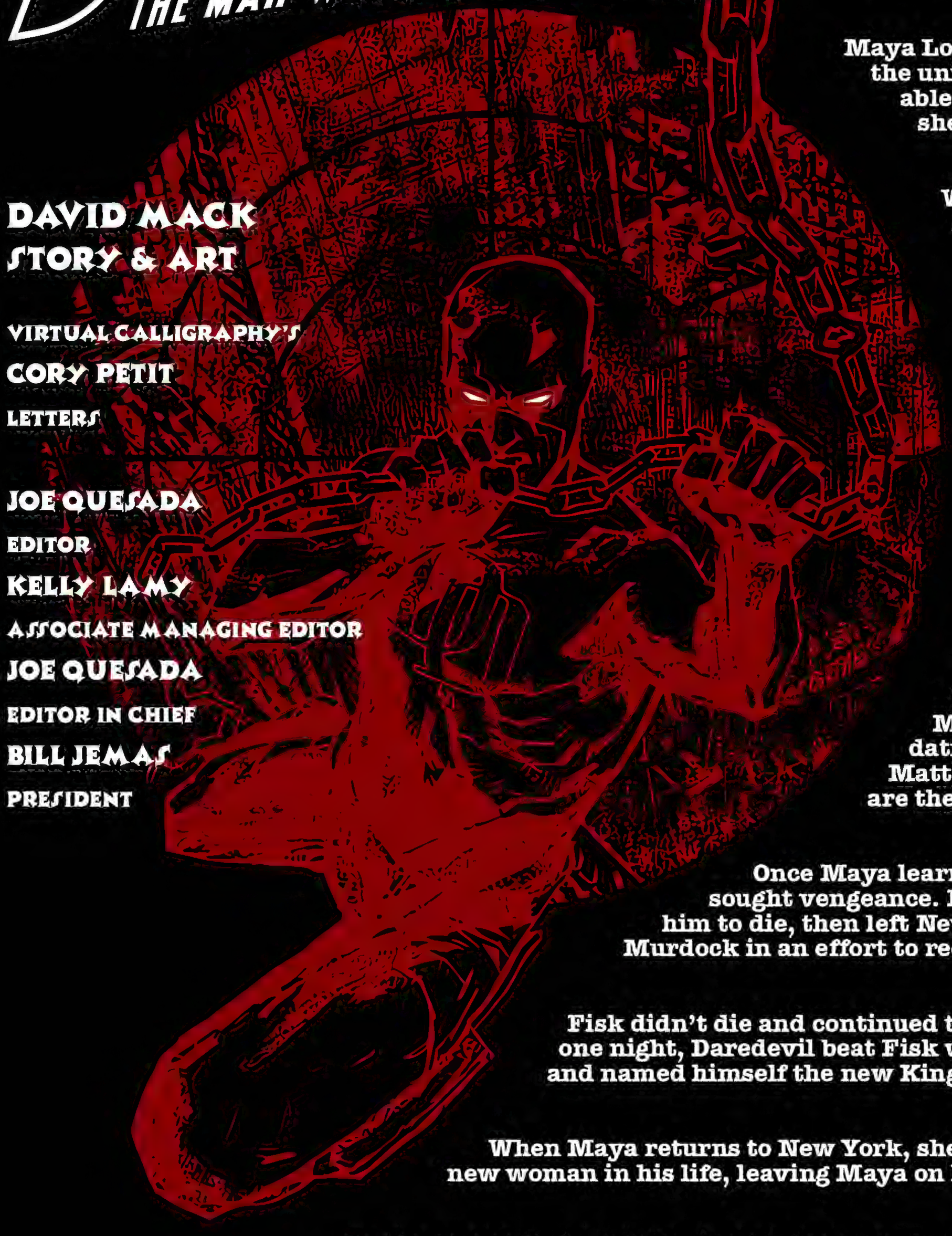
...OUT FEAR!

© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

WWW.MARVEL.COM

ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



DAVID MACK
STORY & ART

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S
CORY PETIT
LETTERS

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR

KELLY LAMY
ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

Previously in Daredevil...

Maya Lopez is deaf but she has the unique talent of being able to replicate any action she sees.

When Maya was a child, her father was in business with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime. Unbeknownst to Maya, Fisk killed her father and on her father's wishes became Maya's legal guardian.

Years later, Fisk used Maya to get to Daredevil by telling Maya that it was Daredevil who killed her father. While she was pursuing Daredevil, she and Matt Murdock started dating, not knowing that Matt Murdock and Daredevil are the same person.

Once Maya learned the truth, she sought vengeance. Maya shot Fisk, leaving him to die, then left New York and Matt Murdock in an effort to rediscover herself.

Fisk didn't die and continued to plague Daredevil until one night, Daredevil beat Fisk within an inch of his life and named himself the new Kingpin of Hell's Kitchen.

When Maya returns to New York, she finds Daredevil has a new woman in his life, leaving Maya on her own.

So she goes to Ryker's Island to see the man who caused this loneliness and the loneliness of her youth... Wilson Fisk.

Echo: Part 3

© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

Did I support you and fund your education as a debt of honor to your father?

Yes.

Did I manipulate you like a pawn on my cheesboard of enemies?

Yes.

Do I blame you for taking your anger out on me?

No. No I really don't.

What I did with you, and what I did with your father was business. Just business.

But here's the kicker.

In my own way, I grew to care for you, Maya.

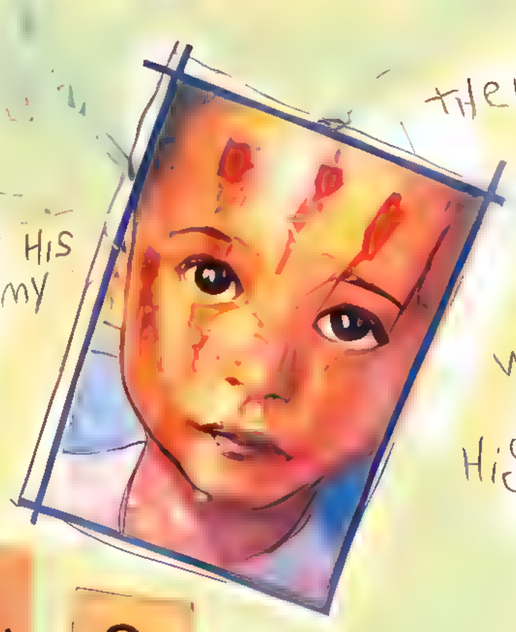
As much as it is in my nature to be able to do so.

I loved you like a daughter.

I'M NINE YEARS OLD

WHEN MY FATHER DIES

I Remember Being in the ambulance. He puts His Hand on my face.



Then it Falls lifeless and He leaves me WITH only His echo.

I still do.

Goodbye DADdy

I still do.

Daddy

I leave without another word.

There can be no satisfaction in any further external action. There can be no satisfaction from anything either of us has to say.

And yet there is something emotionally unsettling in his words. Is he still playing chess? Probably. But I think that in his own warped way he is speaking from the heart.

I believe him.

But that doesn't get Matt back for me. It doesn't bring my father back.

It doesn't fix anything.

I still feel angry.

I still feel empty.

echo

Part three

The Vision Quest

Perhaps the time for blaming is over.

The issues I have now aren't from other people.

The Nature of the Self-portraits gets me to thinking. Have I used all my own atoms in the right way?

Have all of my pigments and Brush Strokes been for the Right cause?

My recent actions Have perhaps Squandered my gifts on the Selfish motivation of my darker emotions.

I need to deconstruct my bitterness and rebuild it into Something else.

There are certain heroes in this world that focus every act on the helping of others. On ideas bigger than themselves. These people take whatever setbacks they are dealt and turn them into their assets.

These modern day heroes and icons remind me of the stories and leaders of the Indian legends I was told when I was younger.

The tribe comes before the individual. There is a harmony. A cycle of actions. Each gesture gives energy to the next.

I'm thinking of the old reservation. I'm thinking of the Chief and when he told me that he discovered his path in life on his vision quest.

I DRAW these. FIRST ON CANVAS.

THEN ONTO the walls and FLOOR.

And I decide to go back for a visit.

It's a short trip on the map of my memories.

The car comes to a halt in a cloud of dust, leaves and possibility. I climb out and step back in time.

What sound does that make?

I take a long hard deep breath and I inhale the past.

It tastes like earth and sunshine and pine needles and nostalgia.

Back on the Rez. That's what my dad called it. An interzone of nations. People from various tribes use it as a pit stop when passing through. They come to get away from what we call the real world, and they stay a day or a week, or a year or a lifetime.

I drink in the sights and scents and the sun on my skin.

I'm in the attic of my childhood.

I'm in the basement of my memories.

I'm in the middle of nowhere.

And it feels good to be home.

I make my way to the place where I would stay with my father when we visited. The Chief's place. The old medicine man.

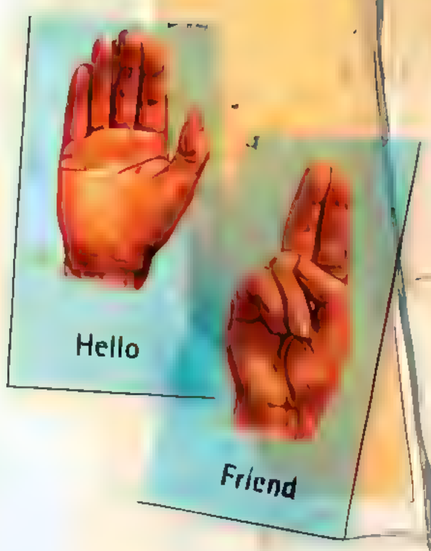
I sort of expect him to be dead. But he's sitting right there on the porch in his old chair. The dogs are different. But everything else is the same.

He and the dogs look my way and the sunlight catches half of his face.

He looks the same too.

Do you remember me? I'm Lincoln's daughter. They called him Crazy Horse.

You taught me Indian Sign Language.



I'm the deaf girl.

Dog

Of course I remember you. You always asked me questions like, "What is the noise of a dog's tail wagging?"

That sounds like me.

I heard you did a play about a story your father told you. You called yourself Echo.

The play was called Echo. The newspapers just called me that as well.

I understand how that goes. People called us Indians.

Most people know the Lakota Nation as the Sioux. Sioux is from an Anishinabe word for Snake.

The Anishinabe called us that.

Yeah. Sometimes you get a weird name and it sticks.

Whatever the paper called you, you have become a storyteller just as I said you'd be.

You did say that, didn't you?

You never know how much people get from your stories. How it affects them in the long run. Gives them food for thought, to help them in the future or just inspire them. Motivate them to find their purpose.

Stories are magic.

Once you breathe life into a story it takes on a life of its own. It gets passed on. Renamed. Retold. It becomes its own creature.

Sometimes the story will even come back to you. Tell you things in its own words.

The story may have grown and evolved in little ways so that more people can understand it than those who you originally told it to.

I ask him if he heard about what happened to my father.

Yes. We held a sweat lodge in his honor. Told many stories about him.

Lots of magic.

I remember that people used to bring you gifts or tobacco when they asked for your advice or help.

You have a good memory.

He puts it in his pocket.

THANK YOU.

Follow me.

FATHER

← IN THE TIPI HE ASKS ME WHAT KIND OF HELP I AM LOOKING FOR.

I've acquired skills. I've studied many things. But I've destroyed a relationship that I care about. I need to focus on my purpose. On my place in this world.

I'm hoping you can tell me more things about my father.

And I remember that you said you went on a thing called a vision quest to find your purpose in life.

You're searching for both the past and the future. Learn to find the now. Then the past and the future will take care of themselves.

Here are drawings of the inside of the tipi.

First I will tell you about your father.

Then I will prepare you for your VISIONQUEST.

Can I ask you something else?

- words

What?

- drawings of the Questions.

Float up to Heaven.

What's a vision quest?

To prepare me for my experience he has me do what he calls a purification ceremony. He tells me I need to fast. Then stones that have been heated in a fire are brought in. The door is closed, and hot steam is created by pouring water on the stones.

Medicine Peace

The heat will make you perspire and get rid of the many toxins you carry in you. The steam that rises from the stones is referred to as the "*Breath of Spirit.*"

"Breath of Spirit" reminds me of Word Balloons in comic books.

In the Lakota language, the name for sweat lodge is Inipi. Ini means "spirit" and Pi means "place." So its name is "spirit place". The sacred spot where we communicate with a higher power.

Tipi is to live! so Tipi means Living place.

How do we communicate with a higher power? The secret is humility. The opening of the doorway is so small that we must crawl on our hands and knees to enter it.

Spirit

Medicine Man

It is sacred in its construction. Prayers are made when we dig the dirt for the stones.

The poles of the tipi don't come from one place. One comes from here, another from over there. Just like the people who enter. Their backgrounds may be different, but when they come together in the sacred space, they are as one.

When you were a little girl, your father took you to a nearby hilltop and introduced you to the elements.

First to the four directions

He spoke to the Four Directions and asked them to bring balance to your life. And help you to find your way.

Then he touched your tiny feet to this Mother Earth. "Dear Mother Earth," he says, "One day this child will walk, play and run on you. I will teach her to have respect for you as she grows. Please be there supporting her."

Then he introduced you to the sun, and the wind, and the water, and the fire, and the moon and the stars. And he asked them to make your way clear.

Though your father was here for a short time of your life, he was good to you and taught you many things.

You were always loved by him. Even when the white doctors and teachers said you were slow and stupid.

Even when they said you were deaf.

You must look at his time with you as a blessing. As a gift. You must not look at his death and think something was taken away from you.

If you look at an emptiness, your world will become empty. If you look at the blessing, your life will be blessed.

Spirits Above

Great Spirit Everywhere

Death

Life

Originally the vision quest was undertaken for the safety of the tribe.

He tells me the VISION QUEST is the setting aside of a time and PLACE IN Nature to COMMUNICATE with the higher WISDOM.

In those days communion with the spirit world was crucial to success in life, and the vision quest was among the most important rituals.

BEAR.

After days of solitude in nature, a vision or spirit might appear to the quester. This generally manifested in the form of a man, woman, animal, or bird. Sometimes these apparitions of guardian spirits transformed from animal to human shape, or assumed other natural forms.

If a vision and communion with the Higher Wisdom were achieved, the spirit would confer the kind of supernatural power best suited to the quester's needs and mission in life.

This may be medicine for hunting, for healing, for war, or for the role of a shaman or medicine man.

I am told of an Iroquois legend of a famous vision quest.

A thousand years ago, a boy went forth to become a man. He entered the woods alone, without provisions of any kind. He lit a small fire, and then lay down to fast and dream for three days and nights, hoping to entertain a spiritual visitor. A manitou. A guide who would teach him his future and life work.

A great manitou appeared to him on the first night. Into the glow of the boy's small fire stepped a magnificent and strong young man, clothed all in green and yellow.

The young man signaled to the boy to come wrestle him. The boy wrestled with the manitou. Like Jacob with the Angel.

On the third night the manitou spoke. He told the boy to bury him. The boy was then to return throughout the summer to pour water on the spot and tend it. In the fall, the Great Spirit's gift to the people would appear.

Grieving but obedient, the boy did as he was told, and tended the grave. A green shoot sprang from the ground and grew tall as the manitou used to stand. It bore green wrapped ears of maize, the gift of the Great Spirit to the people.

When that boy returned to his tribe, he had brought the secret of growing corn with him. Growing the corn became his role in life, and his gift to his community.

There are more stories. And more steam. And the drawings on the inside of the tipi begin to move on their own.

The Chief burns incense around me and waves it about with a feather.

He rubs the incense ash in his hands and then touches my face.

And with that I am sent up the mountain and into the woods to sit for four days.

Night turns to dawn, and day turns to night, the wind blows, and it rains and stops raining.

I listened to stories of people being visited by wolf spirits, and coyote spirits, eagle spirits, and hearing words from their dead ancestors in the form of animal or nature manitous that approached them during their fast.

I began to understand that the vision quest is a way of leaving your old kind of boxed in thinking behind. It is a way of shedding fear and opening yourself up so that you can see the solutions and lessons from nature that are right under your nose. Even though they may not come in the language that you are used to.

I think of my father. Remembering all the animal stories he told me. The lessons that were in the stories. He didn't tell me what the lessons were. He let me figure them out. He asked me if I learned anything from the story.

And when I told him my interpretations, he smiled. He didn't say if I was right or wrong. He let me see my own lessons in the story, even if they weren't the ones other people might see.

I fall into something like a dream or a memory.

When I open my eyes there is a rabbit sniffing at my feet.

The first thing I think of is a children's book where the girl follows the rabbit into the woods and then she begins to change in size and shape.

I just look at it. Appreciating it. Until it has sniffed me enough and scampers off.

It is a dog. A wild dog sniffing my face.

Its hot breath mixes with my own. And its wet nose brushes against mine.

I'm not sure what this means, but I realize that I'm not afraid. "You must be the dog spirit?" I say. "Are you going to tell me something? Do you have a message from my father?"

The dog looks at me, cocks his leg to a nearby tree, urinates, and walks away. I search the scenery for some kind of code or detail to insight. After a time, my eyes go closed again.

SHAPE SHIFT

WHEN MY EYES GO CLOSED.

WHEN THEY OPEN, THE FIRST THING I SEE IS MY OWN REFLECTION.

When I open my eyes I see two dogs fighting right in front of me.

It is the big dog from before, and another wild dog. It is a vicious fight. Probably over territory.

Tearing at each other. Going for the throat. Crashing through trees and bushes.

They don't stop. They don't even seem to get tired.

THIS HAPPENS FOR A LONG TIME. UNTIL IT GOES COMPLETELY DARK.

When the moon moves over my direction, I get a bit more light. No sign of the dogs. But I notice a pair of wide yellow eyes up in the tree that the dog peed on.

I'm told that owls ask questions. *"Who?"*, over and over.

I wonder if this owl is asking me that.

I remember that the Chief said that his quests involve asking himself three questions. *"Who am I?" "What have I become with the who that I am?"* and *"Why am I here?"*

I wonder if the owl is here to remind me of that. I decide that he is. And I thank him.

The owl flies away.

There is a chill in my body that I recognize as thunder.

It rains hard. I haven't seen any animals for a while, so I expected it. The wind blows a different way, and the trees turn their leaves upside down to catch the water.

It's darker than ever. I'm thinking that I won't see any more animals until morning. I decide that maybe I am to learn something from the rain. But that seems so abstract.

Then the lightning flashes again and I see something moving in the distance.

I'm so interested in it that I forgot the thunder would come a second later and its chill catches me off guard. A hot instinctive bit of red fear or surprise jolts through my system.

Lightning

Is it a bear?

Fear

There is definitely Something there. Something Big.

Getting closer.

Moving right at me.

The sky lights up again, and I see the silhouette in the trees. I think I even saw its face.

The thunder surprises me again

Fear

and makes my body shake.

I tell myself that I will be ready for it next time.

I strain into the darkness, through the screen of rain and moving trees and blowing leaves.

It's close now. It's right there.

THE SKY LIGHTS UP

It's Right In FRONT of ME.

A SHADOW CARVED out of the Woods - By the outline of the LIGHTNING

and I see it

ANIMAL SPIRIT

Its Look Right at Me.

To be continued

MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL PSR 54 434

DAVID MACK

DAREDEVIL®

THE MA

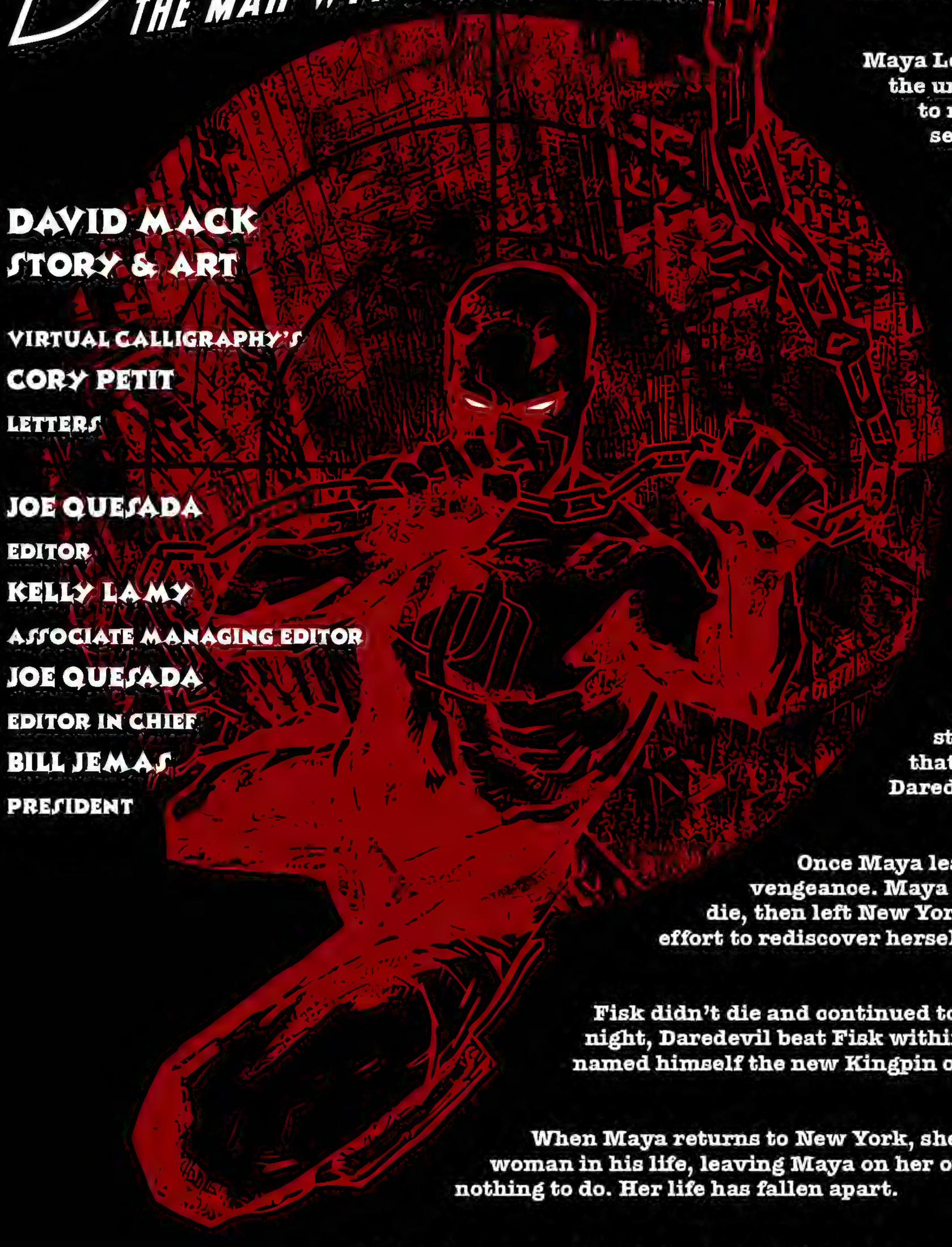
T FEAR!

© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

WWW.MARVEL.COM

ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



DAVID MACK
STORY & ART

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S
CORY PETIT
LETTERS

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR
KELLY LAMY
ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR
JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

Previously in Daredevil...

Maya Lopez is deaf but she has the unique talent of being able to replicate any action she sees.

When Maya was a child, her father was in business with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime. Unbeknownst to Maya, Fisk killed her father and on her father's wishes became Maya's legal guardian.

Years later, Fisk used Maya to get to Daredevil by telling Maya that it was Daredevil who killed her father. While she was pursuing Daredevil, she and Matt Murdock started dating, not knowing that Matt Murdock and Daredevil are the same person.

Once Maya learned the truth, she sought vengeance. Maya shot Fisk, leaving him to die, then left New York and Matt Murdock in an effort to rediscover herself.

Fisk didn't die and continued to plague Daredevil until one night, Daredevil beat Fisk within an inch of his life and named himself the new Kingpin of Hell's Kitchen.

When Maya returns to New York, she finds Daredevil has a new woman in his life, leaving Maya on her own with nowhere to go and nothing to do. Her life has fallen apart.

To find a way to put it together she decides to go on an Indian ceremony of self-discovery called a Vision Quest. While on the Vision Quest she has visions of rabbits, wolves, owls and a man who looks like an animal-- like a wolverine.

Echo: Part 4

© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

At first I couldn't move if I wanted to.

There is a figure standing right in front of me. I couldn't see its face, but in the split-second freeze frame of the lightning, it didn't look like something that I was comfortable with.

The vibration of the thunder catches me off guard again and sends a jolt through my spine.

The rain is like a jazz rhythm on my head. I summon all my strength and stand up to face the figure before me.

If it's speaking to me, it's too dark for me to ever know.

When I stand, I realize that the figure is shorter than me. I see his breath and nothing else.

The rain goes harder on my head.

And the lightning shows me its face.

Two
dogs
fighting
Echo
Pan

Then everything goes dark.

And the thunder hits my body like a drumbeat.

And my instinct kicks in.

I don't hear thunder. I feel it like an impact.

So at first I think that he hit me. And as I'm striking back, I realize it was the thunder.

THIS IS all WRONG.

I Have a Feeling like I Failed a test.

Like I put something in motion that I shouldn't have.

LIGHTNING

Like I'm going down a hill with no brakes.

THUNDER

And a blindfold.

What does darkness sound like?

The lightning goes again and again

and frames us in

flashbulb snapshots.

And after each stop-motion

strobe light...

LIGHTNING

THUNDER

The drum beat is there

to hit me in the darkness.

THUNDER

LIGHTNING

The thunder punches me in the brain and I don't see what it is that he does to me.

But it makes me angry.

From the lightning flash freeze-frames, I've picked up enough of his moves to be dangerous to both of us.

The vision quest legends of animals transforming into human shape run wild through my mind.

I haven't had food or water for three days. I'm probably hallucinating.

I remember the two dogs fighting.

The rest is like a dream.

THUNDER

LIGHTNING

LIGHTNING

THUNDER

LIGHTNING

THUNDER

LIGHTNING

It just makes him angry.

I go for the nerve centers. Incapacitate him.

I use my moves from Daredevil, Bullseye, and every combat technique in my arsenal to stay ahead of him.

I play the bullfighter.

He's like a Picasso Bull-- In all directions at once.

LIGHTNING

THUNDER

LIGHTNING

What sound do claws make?
Animal Spirits

Are you one of the animal spirits?

Sure.

I didn't mean to fight with you.

I'm deaf. The lightning...

I mean the thunder...

Follow me.

Breath of Spirit.

You want something to drink?

I can't. I'm fasting.

Me Being the ALWAYS OWL.

Asking. WHAT. WHO. WHO AM I. WHO Are YOU.

CAMP SITE.

THIS MUST BE HIS

ANIMAL SPIRIT He sure does drink a lot.

Oh. You're on a vision quest.

Yes.

What day of your fast is this?

Fourth. I think. The final night.

SIOUX

IV

Me as the OWL AGAIN.

The Indians have a thing for doing stuff in fours. Four directions. Four seasons. Four is a cycle for them.

Are you an animal, or are you a man?

ALWAYS With the QUESTIONS.

That's a good question, isn't it?

I had to ask myself that question at a couple points in my life.

Four days, huh?

What?

Four days. No food and water.

It does something to you, doesn't it? Opens your mind a bit.

Keeps it... limber.

I come here to get away from everything. But the truth is that long ago I used to run these woods like a wild animal.

I come here once a year to remind myself of that time in my life. It reminds me of how far I've come since then. But it also reminds me that the animal is still inside.

The truth is I'm trying real hard to be a man. To be a human being.

To control the other part that is in us all, the mad part that would rule us all if you let it.

The part that feels wronged and hurt and lashes out wildly.

This reminds me of a Bible story I read when I was little.

Jacob wrestles with the angel and then the angel gives him a blessing.

The Chief would say that there is a blessing in this story.

I'm no angel.

But I figured the Chief sent you up here.

You know the Chief?

Chief Bigelow

Chief

Limber keeps it... mind a bit. Opens Your

I METHIM A LONG TIME AGO

I Pick up His words the best I can in the Firelight.

I met him up here in the woods back when I was an animal.

Only when I approached him then, wild and snarling, wounded and full of rage, he stood there. He talked to me in a slow and even voice.

He talked to me until I settled down. He stood there, unflinching. Unafraid. And he didn't try to take a swing at me.

I'm sorry. I thought I had conquered my fear. I even met other animal spirits that approached me and I had no fear.

Speaks

Fear

But with you, I think the thunder and lightning sent my system into a panic.

The Chief once put me on my own vision quest. The Chief told me that when you are afraid, it is not something external that is causing the fear or rage, but something internal.

It's true. I do have an inner conflict. I embarked on the vision quest to help resolve it.

What did you see on your quest? I mean, before me?

I saw a rabbit. An owl. A dog or wolf urinating.

And two dogs fighting.

Two dogs fighting?

Yeah. It reminded me of something. But I couldn't put my finger on it.

The Chief told me a story called "Two dogs fighting."

Really?

Yeah. The story actually helped me a lot.

I mean... in my trying to be more of a man and less of a wild animal.

Tell it to me.

To be continued

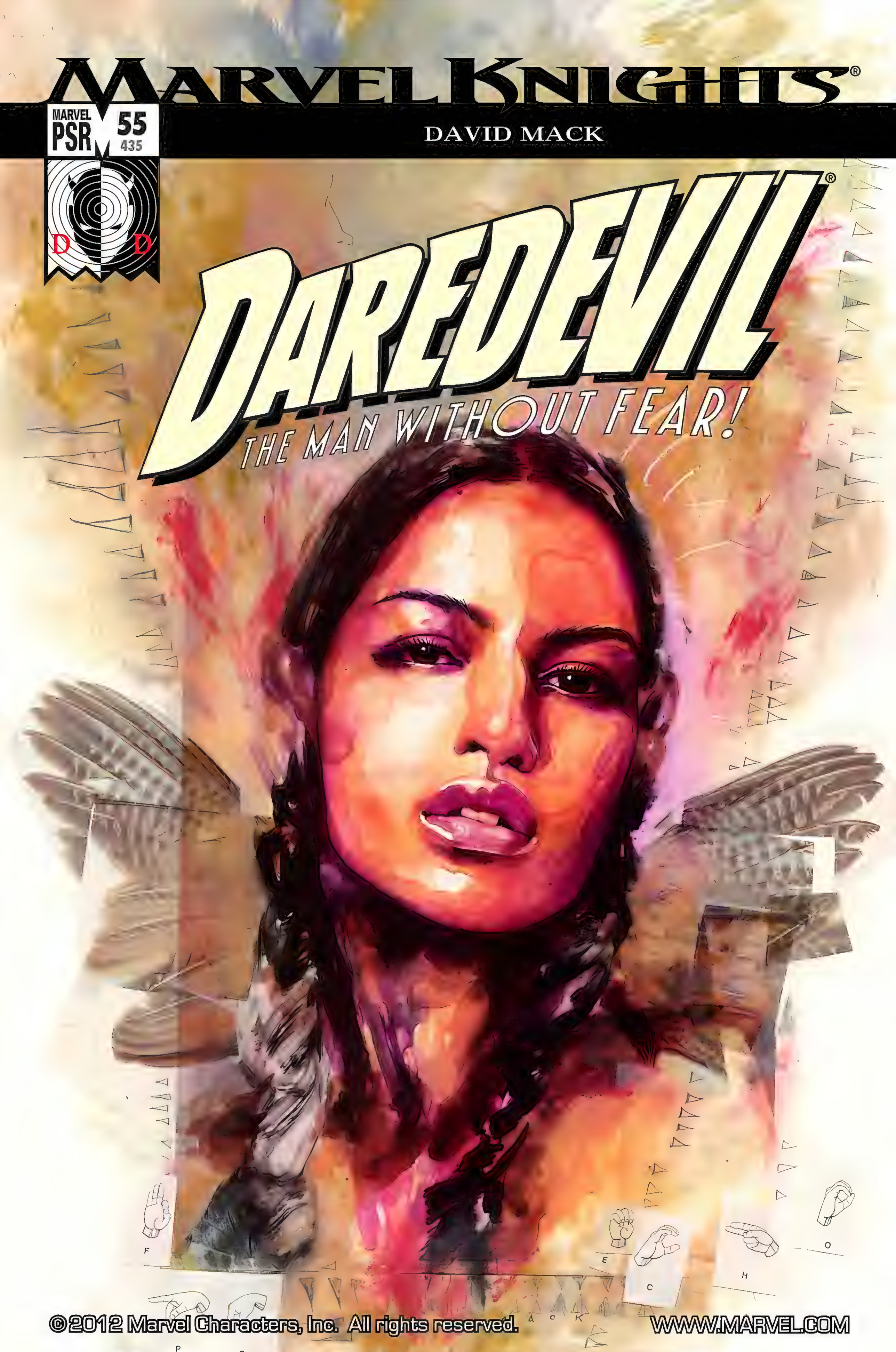
MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL PSR 55 435

DAVID MACK

DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

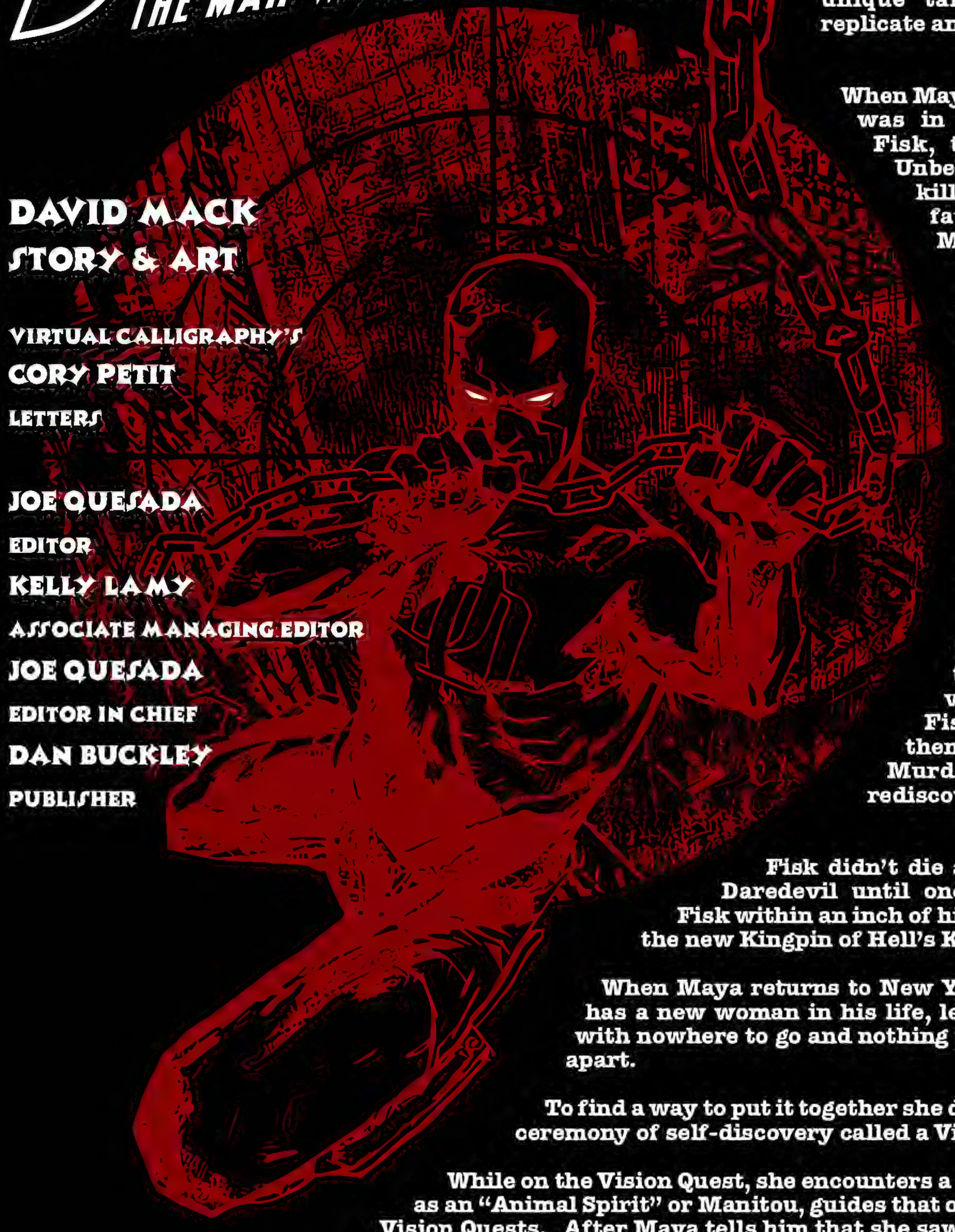


©2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

WWW.MARVEL.COM

ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



DAVID MACK
STORY & ART

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S
CORY PETIT
LETTERS

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR

KELLY LAMY
ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

Previously in Daredevil...

Maya Lopez is deaf but she has the unique talent of being able to replicate any action she sees.

When Maya was a child, her father was in business with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime. Unbeknownst to Maya, Fisk killed her father and on her father's wishes became Maya's legal guardian.

Years later, Fisk used Maya to get to Daredevil by telling Maya that it was Daredevil who killed her father. While she was pursuing Daredevil, she and Matt Murdock started dating, not knowing that Matt Murdock and Daredevil are the same person.

Once Maya learned the truth, she sought vengeance. Maya shot Fisk, leaving him to die, then left New York and Matt Murdock in an effort to rediscover herself.

Fisk didn't die and continued to plague Daredevil until one night, Daredevil beat Fisk within an inch of his life and named himself the new Kingpin of Hell's Kitchen.

When Maya returns to New York, she finds Daredevil has a new woman in his life, leaving Maya on her own with nowhere to go and nothing to do. Her life has fallen apart.

To find a way to put it together she decides to go on an Indian ceremony of self-discovery called a Vision Quest.

While on the Vision Quest, she encounters a figure that she perceives as an "Animal Spirit" or Manitou, guides that often appear in legendary Vision Quests. After Maya tells him that she saw two dogs fighting in the woods, the mysterious figure begins to tell her a story called "Two dogs fighting"...

Echo: Part 5

© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

The way the Chief told me, the story goes like this.

This guy, I think it was another Indian guy... he was a good guy, but I think he had some problems in the past. Maybe he got in trouble with the law a bit here and there.

Maybe he had a rough childhood.

Or maybe, he fell in with the wrong crowd...

Or maybe just in general felt like he wasn't living up to his potential for whatever reason.

And in describing his inner struggles, he says to the Chief, "*There are two dogs inside me. One of the dogs is mean and evil. The other dog is good.*"

"*The mean dog fights the good dog all the time.*"

And when I heard that, I really understood this guy.

I knew that the one dog was like your dreams and good intentions. He is full of purpose. And order.

He maybe represents your respect for others and your respect for yourself.

Respect for what you can be if you put your heart into it.

And the other dog... he has no respect for anything.

He's like a rabid beast. Crazy and self-indulgent. He blames everyone else for his sickness. He lashes out at every opportunity. He loves nothing but wallowing in the hot darkness of his anger.

So someone asks this guy, this Indian guy, a question.

Someone asks him which dog usually wins.

And the guy sort of looks down and thinks about it for a while.

He doesn't say anything for a long time.

Echo Reflective

THE STORY TELLER

And then after a moment's reflection, he answers.

He says this.

He says, "The dog that wins is the one that I feed the most."

the chief

Something clicked inside of me.

In my gut, I understood this story immediately. But it took me a while before I could really put my comprehension of it into words.

When I was young I was the runt

awakling. A misfit.

I've always been a misfit.

I've had a lot of things happen in my life that could be viewed as setbacks.

Perhaps you could say I was abused.

Manipulated.

Silver fox

I've had other people do things to me to hurt me.

M.A.R.I.N.O

To hurt those I've cared about.

And the more I've focused on that part, and

blamed others for the situations that I

was in, or what was done to me,

or focused on revenge:

The More I found that I was a Prisoner of those things.

Like my own body was a cage of razor blades

That story of blame and

cycle of fear and anger was the story

that I was enacting.

But when I learned to shed the dents to my ego, and to focus on a sense of purpose and the good that I have experienced, I found that became my reality.

That sense of purpose and positive intentions became the story that I was enacting.

I'm only telling you this because you're on a vision quest...

And I've had too much to drink.

But the man that told the story to the Chief...

The Chief said that man died not long after.

And I thought, here is a guy that figured it out.

Figured out a major law of nature.

The part of you that thrives is the part that you feed the most.

Some people never understand that.

They live their whole lives putting the blame on something.

This guy realized it. But he didn't follow through.

And he died before he could apply it.

And sometimes the mean dog still wins.

I used to be a real jerk. A real jerk. I'm still a jerk.

But that story lit a fire under my butt. And at least made me try my hardest to cultivate the potential that some people were able to see in me.

What?

I've heard that story before.

When I was a kid.

My father told that story to the Chief a couple weeks before he died.

DAD

HA HA HA

fault.

That was your father?

That was his story?

But I didn't understand it then.

I only understand it now.

Since I was a child, I've been making a conscious effort to read between the lines of everything I see.

Overcompensating in a way for my lack of learning. I've traveled the world, learning things. Absorbing and adding them to my repertoire.

I've noticed that every art or discipline seems to have its own story or mythology. And within that story or mythology are certain luminaries or heroes that became a catalyst for progressive change

All I have for sure are my own crude childhood memories either by their spoken philosophy or their action.

Jung would call these characters Archetypes.

We see examples of this in our recorded history.

From the lessons and medicine of the nature spirits and manitous of the Native American cultures that are passed on by their artists and storytellers...

To the icons in the written, musical, or pictorial stories that are told by our contemporary literary shaman...

To the modern day heroes that walk among us and enact change by action and example.

I've felt drawn to that world.

And I've searched for my place in it.

I've even come face to face

with some of

these characters.

Others

I've stalked.

Observing from a distance.

Sifting through their moralities

Attempting to decipher and absorb their physical techniques into my own vocabulary of movement in the same way that I learned sign language.

They don archetypal masks, colors, or totems in much the same way as my ancestors did in their own vision quests... or meditations...

Or war parties.

It is another way to physically actualize the creed by which they live.

I've been intrigued by these archetypes and the stories that they enact.

But there was always a certain anger in my heart that I couldn't let go of.

And it got me into trouble.

And I think, perhaps, that I let it sabotage some promising relationships.

But it turns out that it is my own father's story...

The words of a man long dead...

That make things clear for me.

HA HA HA

And I want you to know that I'm grateful for that.

I thank you for telling my father's words to me in a way that I understand.

I'm glad his story told in his own kind of beautiful clumsy language helped you.

It shows me the impact, the ripple effect, that our stories have in this world.

dog

Instead of only searching for meaning in historical mythology, or the mythology of modern heroes...

I realize that we are writing our own mythology every day of our lives.

And I suppose that each of us has within us, within our stories, within our actions, the power of the manitou.

The power to plant something positive in the hearts of those that need it.

In the flicker of the firelight

He seems to change.

But I remember that I've been up for four days with no food.

And it is my own mind, my own perceptions, that are changing.

And each of us has the power to cultivate that seed, when it is planted in our own hearts.

And after the fourth day of my fast, speaking to the animal spirit all night, I closed my eyes for a time.

Something not quite like sleep happened.

I saw a bird flying in a dream.

And for the first time, I heard the noise that clouds make.

And when I opened my eyes...

The bird was in the sky. But it was sunrise.

And the animal spirit was gone.

The stones still hot from his fire.

And his words, and my father's, still danced alive in my head.

And I wondered if it was all a dream.

You had a vision.

Your father spoke to you on this vision quest. He spoke to you through a nature spirit.

That was his way of communicating to you beyond the veil of the temporary material world.

His way of guiding you.

The vision quest lifts the veil separating the worlds. Makes it easier for you to hear. It makes you sensitive to the sign language of God.

You have been shown your path in life.

The vision showed you the importance of your father's stories.

You have been handed down something very important.

The mantle of the storyteller.

You are a shaman to a tribe without boundaries.

I hear you've been performing at the theater again.

Performing your stories in sign language, dance, and music. To the deaf children. To anyone who will watch or listen. But in your own shadow puppet way.

I attended the one called "*Parts of a Hole*".

I recognized myself in it.

I intend to see "*The Echo Story*" with a friend.

I understand it includes stories your father passed down to you, and is about your childhood, growing up deaf. Learning to use your unique perspective as your asset instead of your handicap.

This time he remembers to face me and repeat it.

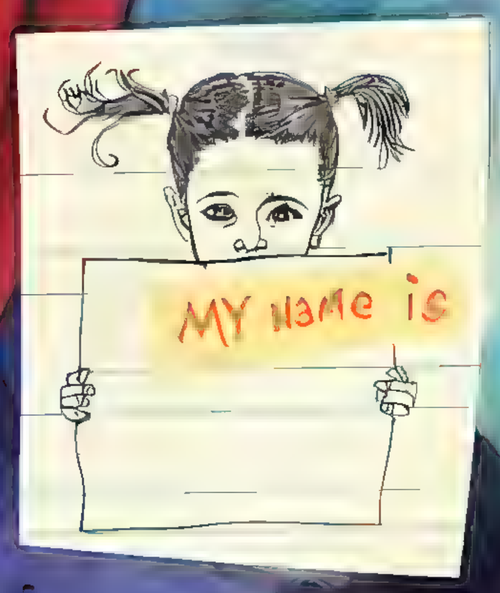
I'm glad you've found your place, Maya.

But I don't bother to read his lips.

And when I go to kiss him...

He doesn't stop me.

Because he knows it means goodbye.



My name is Maya Lopez.

This is my story.

The story is called Echo.

It doesn't happen in words.

It happens in movements, and memories.

Shapes and feelings.

WHEN

When it does happen in words,

it doesn't happen in the sound of words,

but

in the color of them.

The mood and texture, and

mystery

of their crossword puzzle

meanings.

My story happens in music.

Sometimes slow and

awkward.

Like little fingers on worn out keys

searching for meaning.

My story

doesn't happen

in the sound of the

notes

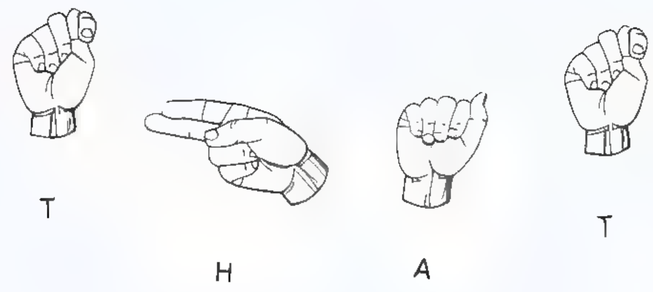
but in the silence between

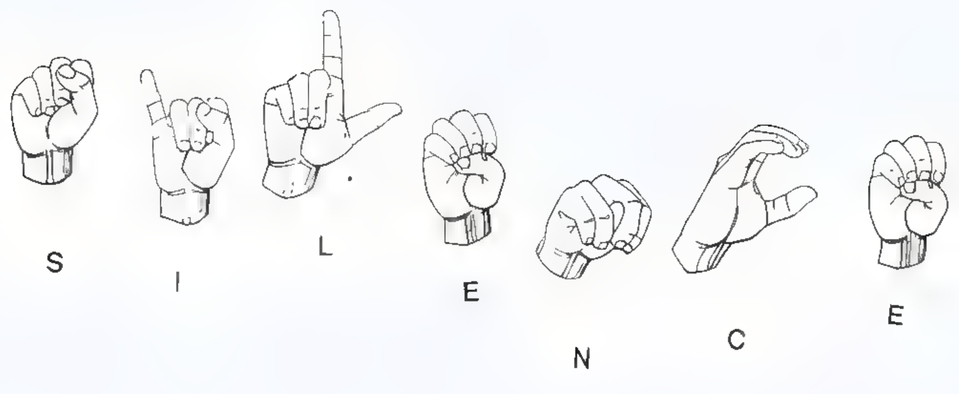
them.

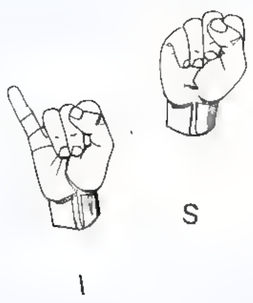
That is where

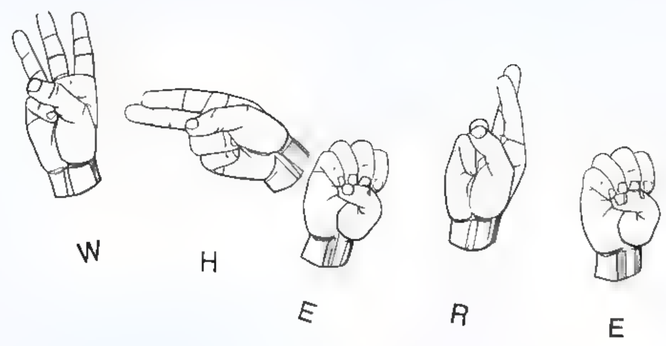
the magic

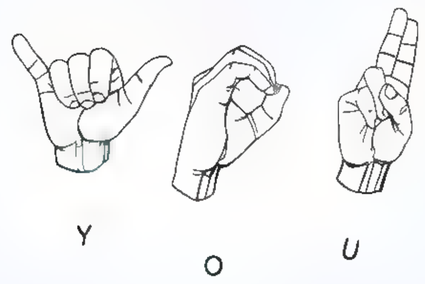
happens.


T
H
A
T


S
I
L
E
N
C
E


S
I


W
H
E
R
E


Y
O
U

W
I
L
L

F
I
N
D

M
E

The end.

BONUS MATERIALS by DAVID MACK

I Look into the paintingS...

And I See MySelF

HAND print OF FATHER'S E-HO

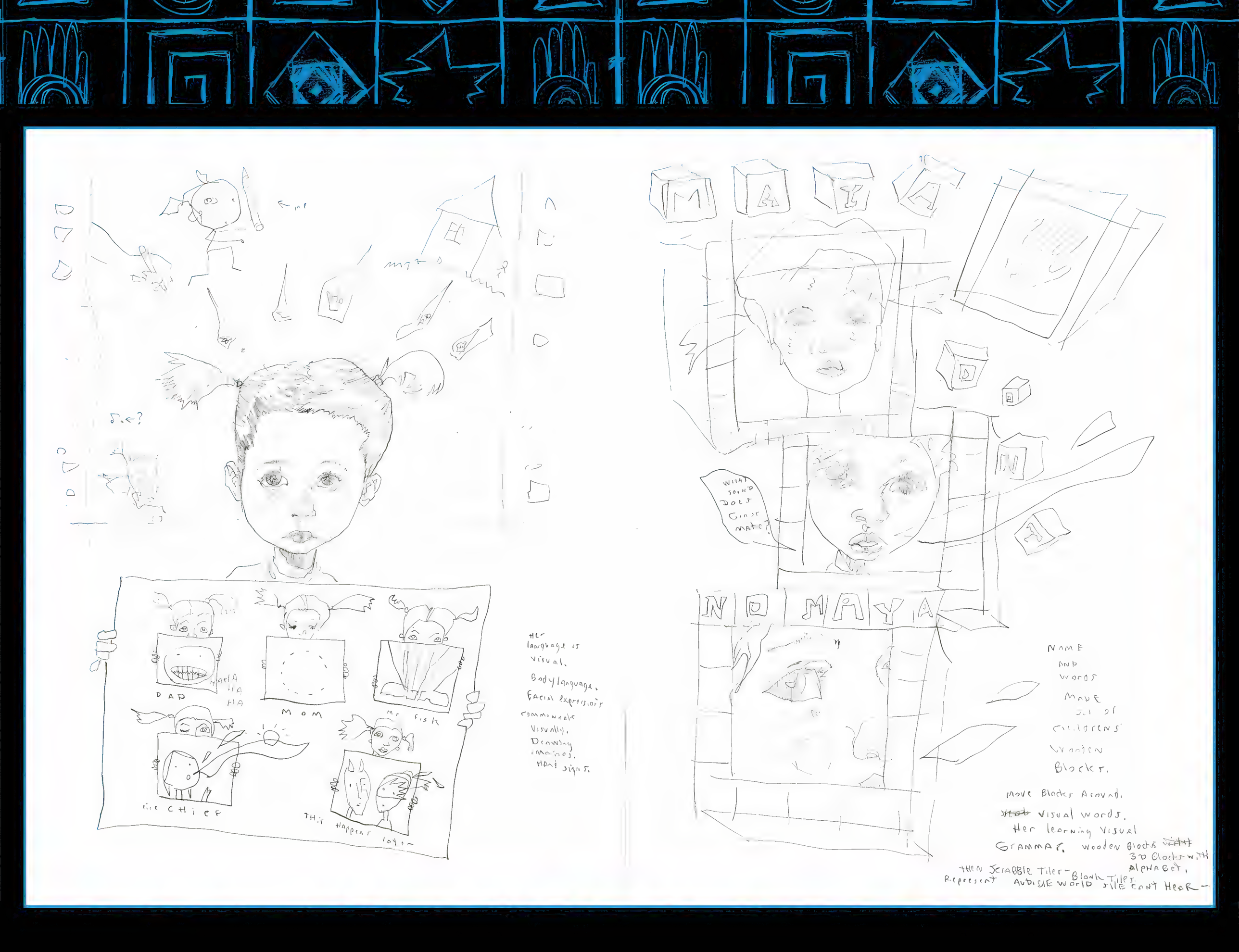
DAD

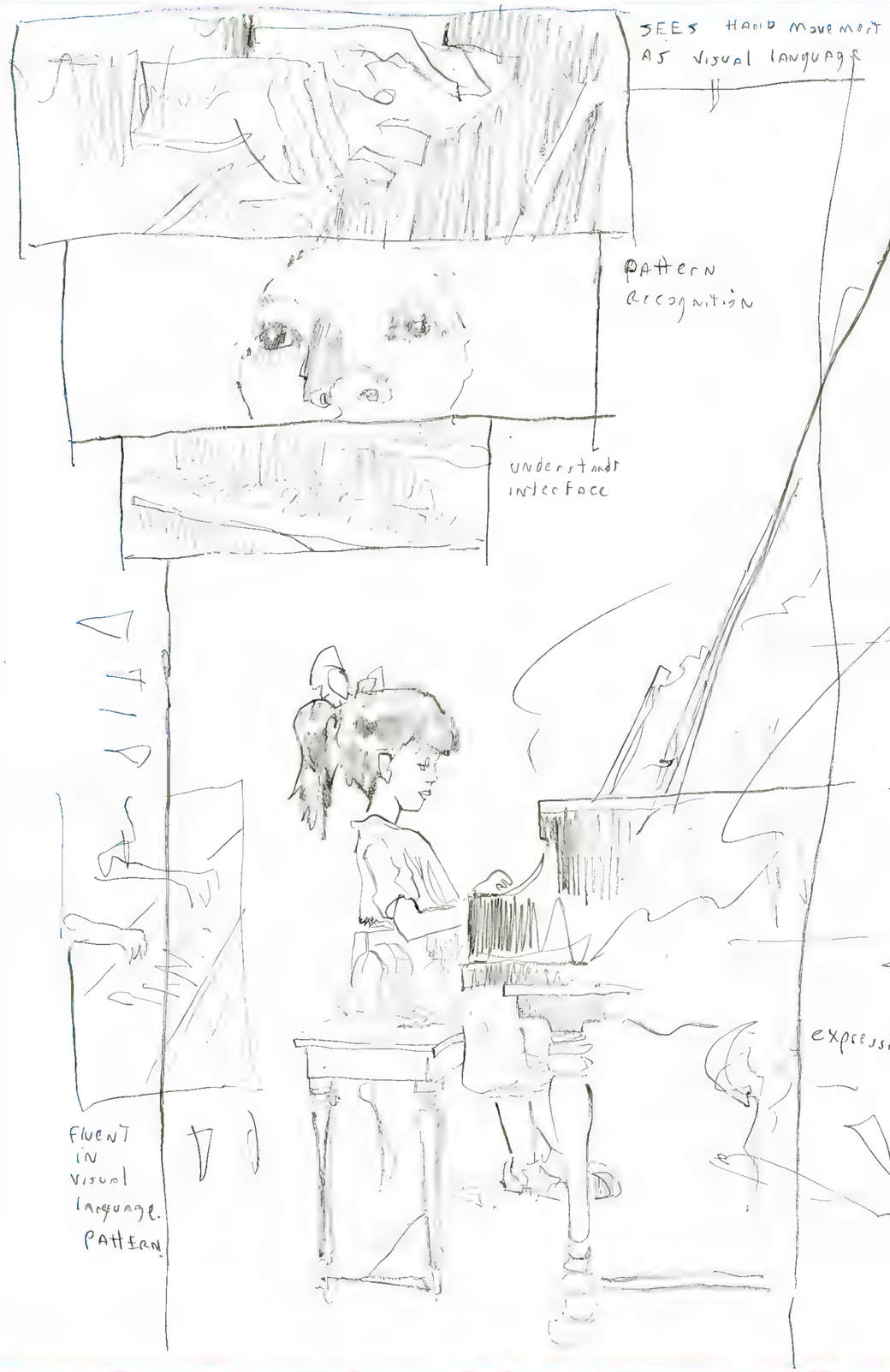
MOM

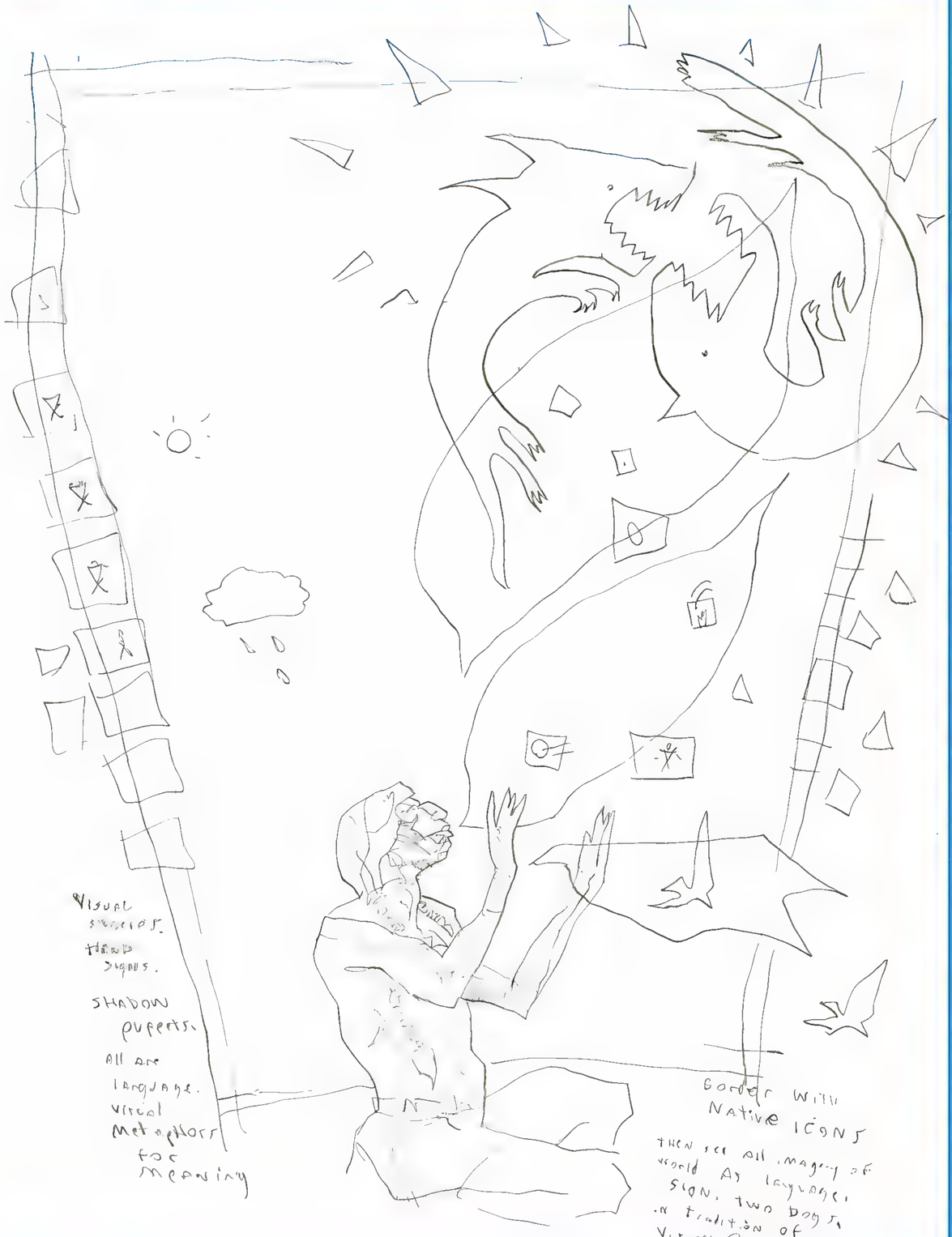
Color must be what Sound is like if you can Hear.

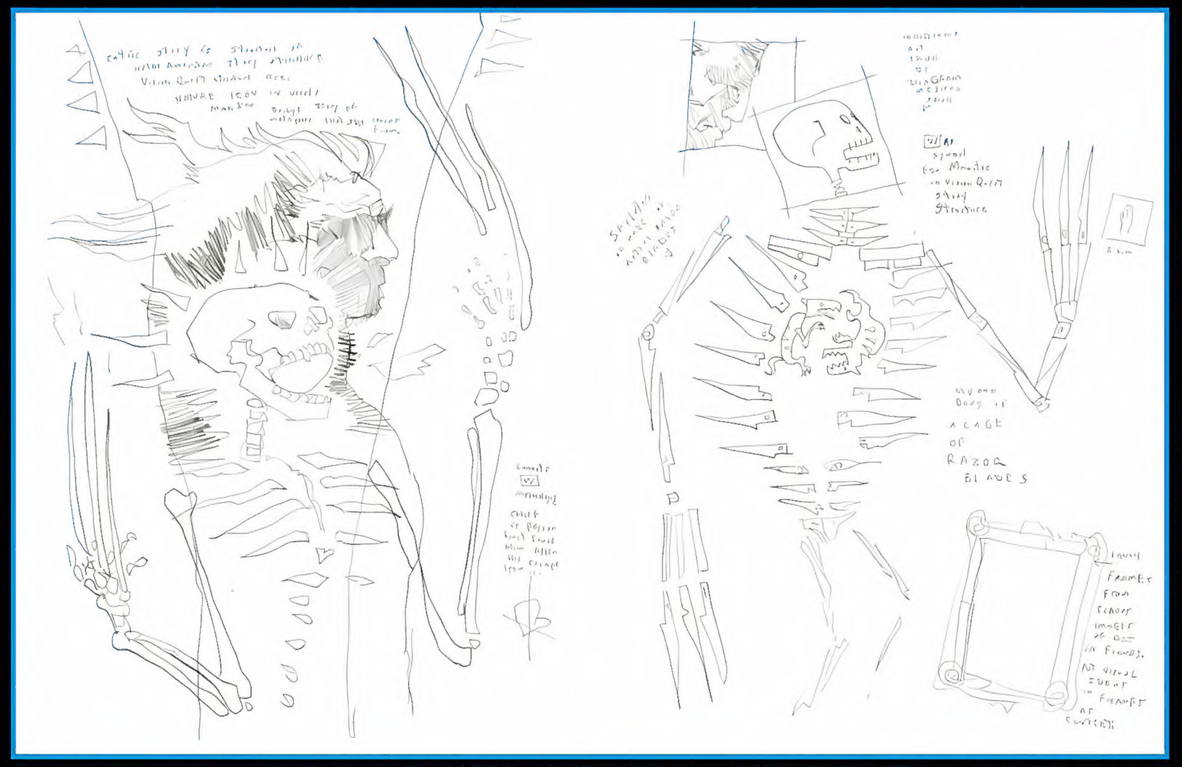
And Some painters know how to put the colors together in just the right way...

That I imagine it IS like music.

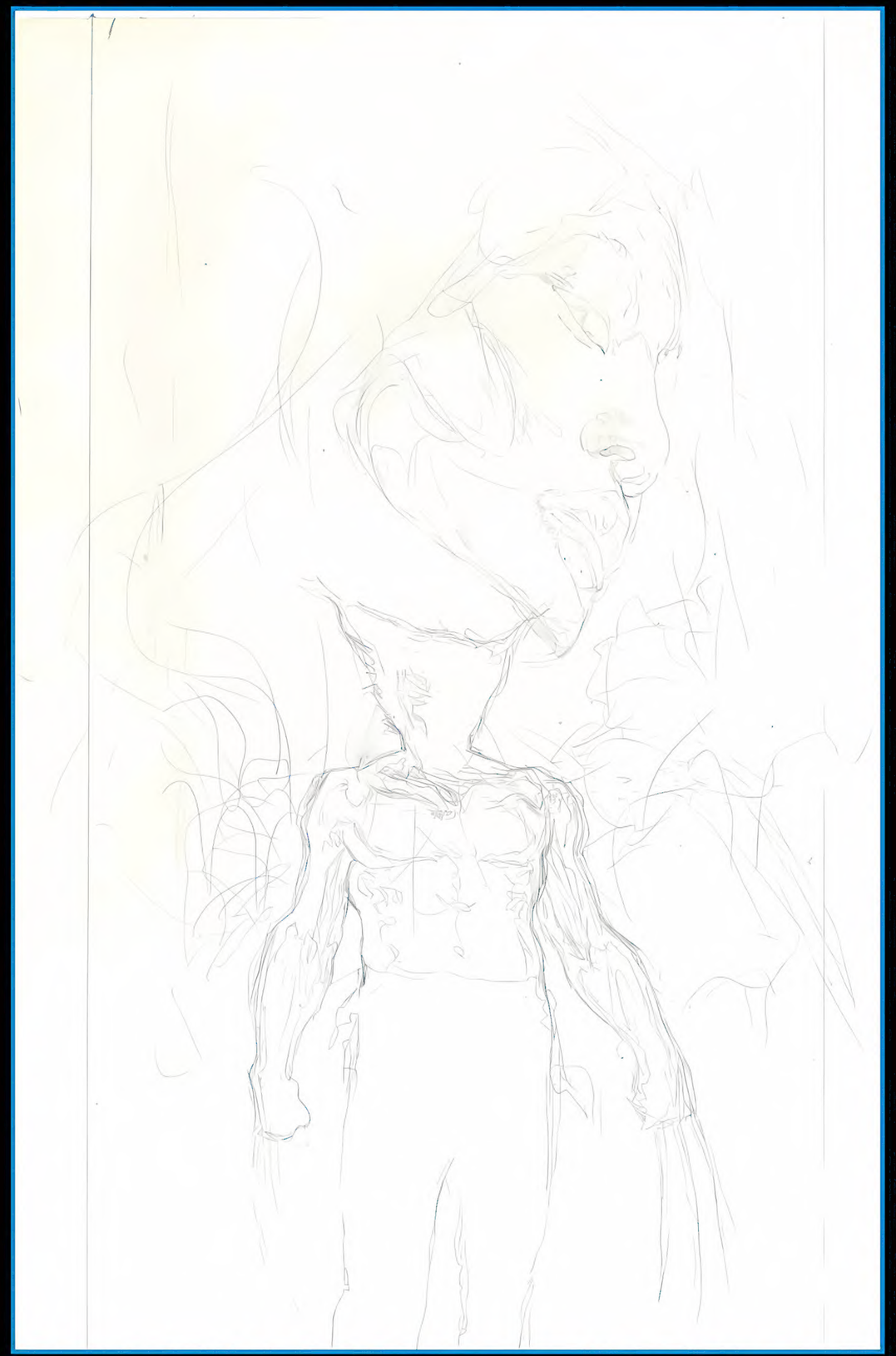

DAD
HAHA HA HA
MOM
Mr Fisk
Fire CHIEF
THIS HAPPENS LOTS
Her language is visual.
Body language.
Facial expressions
communicate visually.
Drawing images.
Hand signs.
WHAT SOUND DOES GINGER MATE?
NO MAYA
NAME AND WORDS MADE OUT OF CHILDRENS WOODEN BLOCKS.
Move Blocks Around.
~~Visual~~ Visual words.
Her learning visual GRAMMAR. wooden Blocks ~~with~~ 3D Blocks with ALPHABET.
THEN SCRABBLE TILES - Blank Tiles.
Represent AUDIBLE WORLD SHE CANT HEAR -

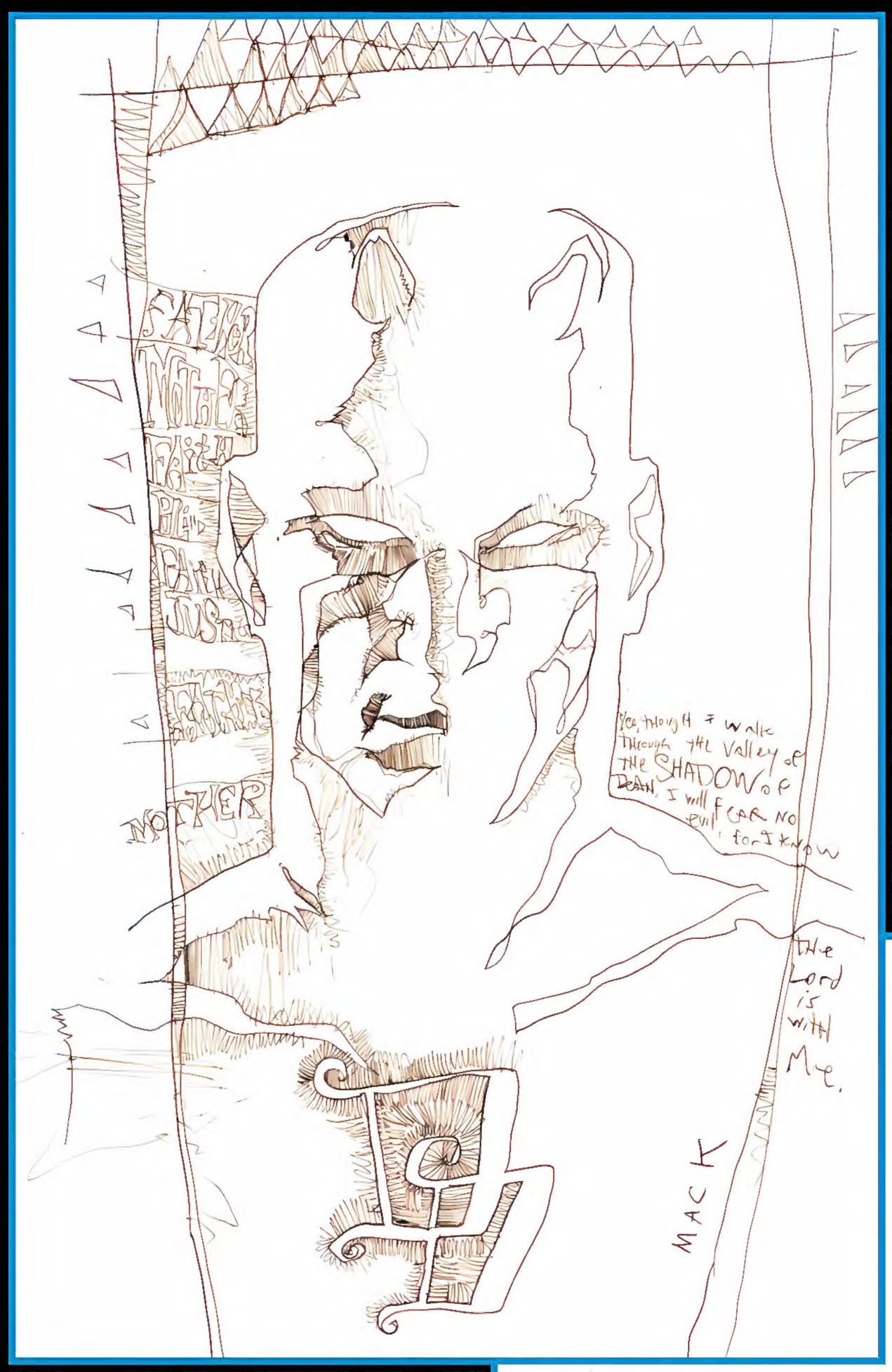

SEES HAND MOVEMENT AS VISUAL LANGUAGE
PATTERN RECOGNITION
UNDERSTAND INTERFACE
FLUENT IN VISUAL LANGUAGE. PATTERN.
EXPRESSION.

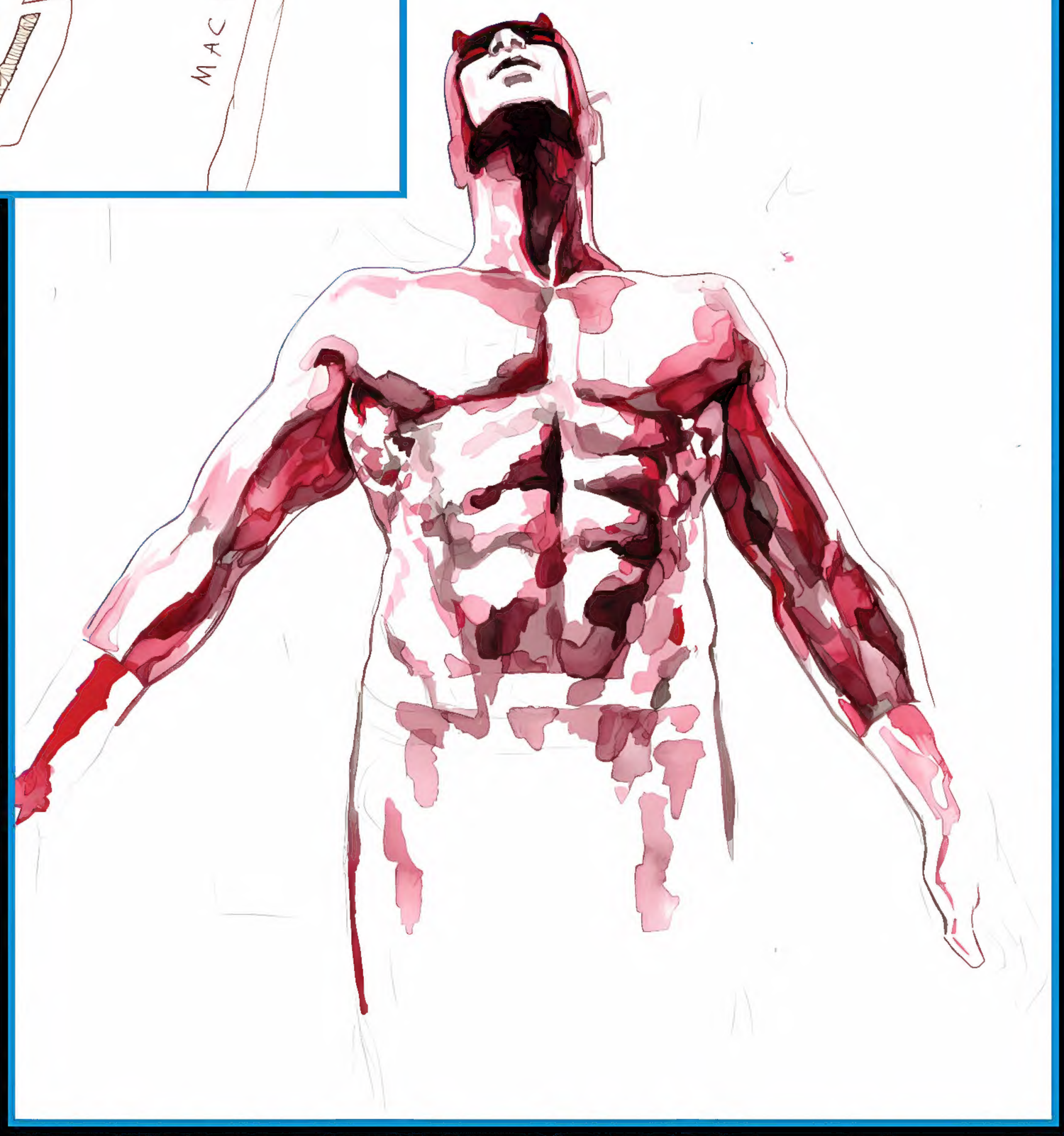

VISUAL SYMBOLS. HAND SIGNS.
SHADOW PUPPETS.
ALL ARE LANGUAGE. VISUAL METAPHORS FOR MEANING
BORDER WITH NATIVE ICONS
THEN SEE ALL IMAGERY OF WORLD AS LANGUAGE, SIGN. TWO BOYS IN TRADITION OF VISION QUEST.


A CAGE of RAZOR BLADES

A BONE



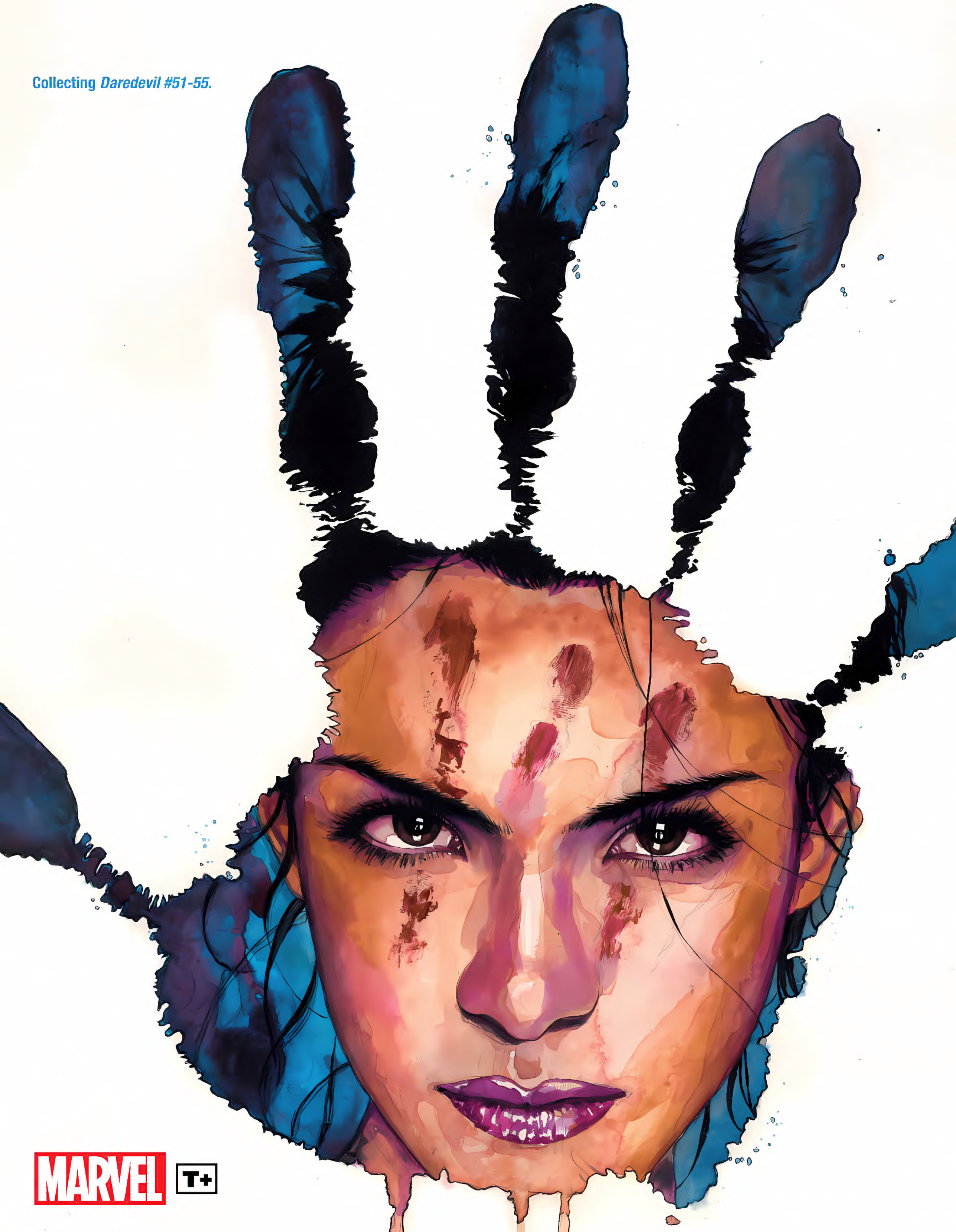

FATHER
MOTHER
FAITH
BROTHER
FAITH
JUSTICE
FREEDOM
MOTHER
Yea, though I walk
Through the Valley of
the SHADOW of
DEATH, I will FEAR NO
evil: for I know
The
Lord
is
with
Me.
MACK



"I'm nine years old when my father dies. He leaves his hand prints on my face. His animal shadows in my head. His empty outline on the floor. An echo. Empty. Like me."

Maya Lopez, better known as Echo of the New Avengers, desperately wants to find herself, and nothing will stand in the way of her quest. Not the man who raised and manipulated her, the Kingpin. Not the man who broke her heart, Daredevil. And not the man who has been sent to aid her in her vision quest, Wolverine. Witness the birth of a hero, as rendered by the supremely talented and original David Mack!

Collecting *Daredevil #51-55.*



MARVEL T+

FOR A LISTING OF MORE MARVEL COLLECTIONS, DOWNLOAD

MARVEL BACKLIST READING CHRONOLOGY

Go to your local comic shop to pick up these great collections!

And stay tuned to the Marvel App for more amazing collection releases.

To find a comic shop near you visit www.comicshoplocator.com

MARVEL

www.marvel.com

MARVEL & SUBS